Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

Many people are unaware of the almost absolute necessity experienced by newspapers and publicists of all sorts of dropping into cant and humbugging phrases in order to win or retain public confidence. No better example was ever given than last Saturday, when the *Globe* and *Mail*, in order to square themselves with the public published absurdly "canting" editorials anent the proposed Sunday street car service. In only one point did they strike home at an opposing chord of cant; *i. e.*, the plea that such a service was needed in order to encourage church going among the masses. It must be admitted that churches are near enough to everybody and no one need walk very far in order to hear a preacher. But often such preachers! Almost as a rule they are tiresome and uninstructive. If they preached the gospel as once delivered to the saints it would be, at least sound, but they are sectarians, dull and far, far away from the people. There are some eloquent divines in Toronto who deliver their message with earnestness and strike home to the human heart because they know something of humanity and its needs. If, by reason of Sunday cars, these preachers were more accessible their churches would not begin to hold the throngs who would go to hear them preach. The dull preacher knows this and it is natural that in order to retain his business he urges the continuance of the present condition of things. The offertory would drop off, the attendance would go down and the worst consequences might be expected if clever preachers could draw from all over the city. The only hope of doctor-of-divinitied mediocrity is to force people to attend the nearest church or stay away from divine service. Perhaps under the same circumstances you and I would take the same view of it. We must respect the vested rights of pulpiteers even if all feel that the good of the community is made to suffer and that intelligence is being driven into laziness by protected imperfection.

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There is another phase of it. Every Protestant in Toronto is not an Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist. There are many small denominations which can afford but one or two churches and the members of the bodies must travel long distances in order to hear the doctrines they love. The penalty of their devotion is in many cases a long and weary walk, but this is perhaps but a proper punishment of heterodoxy. Why should they pass a church and a collection box at their very door in order to attend an unpopular service elsewhere?

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I admit that some cant has entered into the defence of a Sunday car service, but what have we seen on the other side? In the *Globe* for instance! A rabid attack on those who do not observe the Sabbath, a denunciation so sweeping and severe that it strikes all those who do not recognize the Mosaic day of rest and worship! Now, I for one do not believe that the Divine law holds me upon this point. I may be wrong, but I am conscientious in the belief that we are not, religiously speaking, living under the law of Moses, but of Christ. In the first place, if we are to observe the Jewish Sabbath, why do we not make Saturday our day of rest? There is no controversy over the point that the seventh, and not the first day of the week, was the one set apart by God as the world's breathing spell. On that day He Himself rested after creating the world. I am unaware of any divine ukase changing the day and continuing the law. When "old things passed away," the Mosaic law "came to an end," and no word of Christ or his apostles imposed on the Christian dispensation the Sabbatarian regime of the era which was closed by the sacrifice of Christ.

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I do not deny that the Lord's day was instituted as a monument of Christ: I believe in its eternal wisdom as a record of the most conspicuous event in the world's history—a record more plain to the populace than a pyramid could have been, insomuch as it appears every week in each Christian life. To make its meaning evident to all those who were commanded "to forsake not the assembling of themselves together," the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was instituted, and in the apostolic days of the church we are told they "met together to break bread," and incidentally it is mentioned in the same connection that "Paul preached unto them"—not that they met together to hear Paul preach, and incidentally partook of the Sacrament. Nowadays the meetings together are to hear preaching, and when it is convenient, or at stated periods, the Lord's Supper is introduced as a minor or moveable feast. These departures from undeniable precedent, explicit instruction, and early practice, make the thoughtful somewhat doubtful of the sincerity of those who observe the first day and pretend to so deeply revere the seventh, which, by the way, is still rigidly held to by the Jews, who deny that the Mosaic dispensation is at an end, or that the Messiah has come.

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Of course those who so tenaciously cling to the observance of the Sabbath—not the first day, because the two are not interchangeable dates—have arguments which they bring to bear. It may sound presumptuous, but I am not afraid to say that so far as Christ's law or any logic which admits His Messiahship is concerned, they are worthless. Then, it may be said, I deny the force of any of the commandments! By no means. Every truth remains, no matter where expounded. Every moral injunction should be obeyed, because it is necessary to morality in the same way that sanitary rules must be known and recognized in order to good health. When by Christ's coming "old things passed away," it did not mean that the moral truths of the old scriptures should be forgotten or remain unobserved, but that new institutions had been established, the rigid observance of the old Sabbath was changed to the loving remembrance of Christ's sacrifice which all Christians have apparently agreed should be on what we call by the pagan name of Sunday—or, in other words, the day devoted by the barbarians of ancient England to the worship of the sun. So objectionable was the word Sunday to the strict sect in which I was reared that they called it the Lord's Day, and always on that day bread was broken and wine drank in remembrance of Him. I make these explanations because some of those who have such a wonderful belief in the necessity of observing a day which is not the Jewish Sabbath or anything which can be proven to be a continuance of it, are apparently unacquainted with the fact that "Sunday" is a pagan word and that it does not even coincide in point of time with the old Jewish Sabbath. Of the Lord's Day I need say no more; its name declares its meaning, and I, with saddening knowledge of my imperfections and shortcomings, would be glad to hug to my heart the delusion that by attending church for an hour or two and loafing around the house or lying abed "resting" I am serving Him on that day as I ought. I am, however, made painfully aware by my conscience—whether or not that be but a memory of things I have been taught—that it falls far short of the duty of him who would properly observe the Lord's Day, and I feel more and more that "loafing" is no more a part of the day's duty than lolling around under the tree of life and twanging a harp is to be the ultimate end and consummated glory of a Christian career beyond the grave.

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But I have gotten away from my subject. Cant is defined in a general way as "an affectation of speech, as when one says or professes what he does not sincerely think, believe or feel." It is unfortunately true that publicists of the kind to which newspapers and preachers belong—an ephemeral and plant-to-day-and-reap-to-day kind—imagine it necessary to their success that they profess profoundest faith in the superstitions and emotions which guide the majority of their customers. Custom has made it dangerous, well nigh impossible for them to break away from the habit of cant and the practice of what they are personally convinced is arrant humbug. It is too often the case that those who dare denounce such deception are branded by honest people as skeptics and designing knaves, so fixed are beliefs and so tenacious do people become of their most palpable errors. It is admittedly easier to float with the tide than to stem the current. What is true of the rush of waters, is still more applicable to that outpouring of public opinion which, at the time, and on the surface, seems to be the united—almost unanimous—expression of what everyone thinks. Yet we all know that such verdicts are frequently nothing more than the expression of what people imagine they ought to think, or the thoughtless expression of people made before they begin to think. It is regretable that newspapers pander so much to this surface opinion. When they have really thought a matter out, or have had referred to them a question of abstract justice and right, I believe the people are sure to give a just answer; but in matters of education, of superstition, when either ignorance sits in judgment on enlightenment, or when, what is but a vague reaching-after-truth, a habit-bound and-spook-haunted impulse has to decide on a matter of eternal moment, evidence and argument ordinarily fail to produce anything but an irritated severity. Great daily newspapers ought to be above catering to such reactionary elements. Their best readers—those who fix both their commercial and moral status—are quick to observe such low methods and to despise the mental and moral cowardice which prompts them.

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But to return after this second digression. If the *Globe* believes in the old Jewish Sabbath why does it fail to observe it and the many interesting rites which are inseparable from it?

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We are so used to seeing the Ten Commandments as they are printed on a tablet and displayed to youthful eyes in Sunday or day schools that those who are not Bible students are apt to imagine that there are no modifications or instructions given with regard to them. For instance;—we are not only commanded by the Mosaic law to keep the Sabbath day holy but we are told that in six days may work be done but that in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest wholly to the Lord and whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day he shall surely be put to death."—Exodus xxi, 15. If this law were to be fulfilled how long would the esteemed editor of the *Globe* be permitted to live? Not only in one text but in at least half a dozen is the law repeated that "Whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death." And immediately following this, in Exodus xxxv, 3, is this injunction: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day." Does the editor of the *Globe* refuse to permit a fire to be kindled in his house on what is esteemed to be the Sabbath? Is there any man in his employment who keeps the law? Does any member of his church harken to this injunction? Is there anyone in the city of Toronto, excepting the Jew himself, who observes this commandment? I doubt if even the Hebrews in Toronto feel bound to observe it. Again, in chap. xxi of Exodus, immediately following the commandments and a portion of the exposition thereof are the texts upon which the old slaveholders used to prove their right to slaves and defend slavery as a divine institution. Does the editor of the *Globe* believe that this law ought to be followed still? And, as he is such a great stickler for the Sabbath, what does he do on the seventh year, called the Sabbath of Sabbaths? See Leviticus xxv., 3 7: "Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyards and gather in the fruits thereof. But in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land, a Sabbath for the Lord, and thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard. That which groweth of its own accord of thy harvest thou shalt not reap, neither gather the grapes of thy vine undressed, for it is the year of rest unto the land. And the Sabbath of the land shall be meat for you, for thou and for thy servant, and for thy maid and for thy hired servant and for thy stranger that sojourneth with thee: and for thy cattle and for the beasts that are in thy land shall of the increase thereof, be meat." Does the editor of the *Globe* on every seventh year let his paper become the property of everybody, with all the profit or loss thereof to be divided amongst his employes or the public? And then on the fiftieth year—the Jubilee year—when besides refraining from labor and sowing and reaping, "ye shall return every man unto his possession," when "ye shall not oppress one another!"

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But outside of these larger questions, how is it in the "seventh month, and the first day of the month, shall ye have a Sabbath of memorial, a blowing of trumpets, a holy convocation when ye shall do no servile work therein, but ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord!" Does the editor of the *Globe* observe the feast of unleavened bread, Exodus xxxiv, 18, "Seven days shalt thou eat unleavened bread as I commanded thee." And verse 22, "And thou shalt observe the feast of the weeks, the first fruits of the wheat harvest and the feast of ingathering at the year's end."

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Does the editor of the *Globe* understand the significance of the Sabbath, Exodus xxxi. 16, 17, "Wherefore the Children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath * * for a perpetual covenant, it is a sign between me and the Children of Israel forever." Those who wish to understand the Sabbath question let them begin at the twentieth of Exodus and follow on through Leviticus, and if this suggestion is any inducement to Bible study I shall be glad I made it, for I thoroughly believe that the majority of people, even church-goers, never open their Bibles except at church, and fifty per cent. do not open them there.

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Now in the new order of things we find a far different system. Gal. ii., 1-5, "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." Romans iii., 20, "Therefore by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight." Romans iii, 28, "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." Romans vii, 4, "Wherefore my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ." (6.) "But now we are delivered from the law, *that being dead wherein we were held.*" And speaking of the old covenant, St. Paul says (Hebrews viii., 13) "In that he saith he hath made the first old, now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away." (5) "Now that he hath obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also is he the mediator of a better covenant which was established upon better promises?" After this he goes on to describe the covenant, in that the Lord would put "His laws into their minds and write them in their hearts" (instead of on the stone as in the case of the Mosaic law). If you will begin to read at Romans xii—I won't pretend to go over the ground thoroughly, but simply give you a few passages as examples of the change in the teaching and preaching in the Christian dispensation—you will find that we are told to "recompense no man evil for evil." In Exodus we are taught that an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is the proper basis of conduct. In the Mosaic time the avenger used to seek for the life of his enemy and pursue him to the gates of the city of refuge. Now we are told, "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink." In these chapters Paul sets forth the duty of man to man and gives us apparently a *resume* of the moral law that we should observe and sets forth many things which many strict Sabbatarians are not wont to obey. He tells us of our duty to our rulers as well as to one another, enjoins us to "owe no man anything," but to "love one another, for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law," and then he gives us a *resume* of the old commandments which we ought to obey, at least that portion which refers to the dealings between man and man. Rom. xiii, 9. "Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not covet." And if there be any other commandment it is briefly comprehended in this saying, viz. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," in this there is no word about the Sabbath; and it is a good deal more elastic and more loving than the Mosaic law. Then in chapter xiv., we are told something about our relations to God and Christ, as well as to our brother. And I commend to the consideration of the editor of the *Globe*, from verse 5 onward: "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth eateth to the Lord for he giveth God thanks, and he that eateth not to the Lord, he eateth not, and giveth God thanks. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself (here comes the strength of the position that Paul sets forth that everything we have should be the Lord's.) For whether we live we live unto the Lord, or whether we die we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

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How does the insinuation of the *Globe* that everyone who believes in a less strict view of the Sunday question is corrupt, vicious, anxious for wickedness and revelling in sin agree with "But why dost thou judge thy brother; why dost thou set at naught thy brother;" and verse 13 "Let us not therefore judge one another any more."

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This much, at least, is apparent, that the uncharitable things said by the *Globe* are justified neither by the old law nor the new. It is further apparent that in conduct, violent Sabbatarians are governed neither by the old nor the new law. They do not observe the Sabbath, either on the day or in the spirit of the law. They don't love or regard their neighbors with the spirit of Christ. While defending the fourth commandment they set at naught the one which says, "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The *Globe* employes are forced to labor on Sunday or lose their situations. In the *Mail*, which is endeavoring to be equally Puritanical, the case is the same and they are both evidently under the yoke of the law, "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," false to that which they pretend to serve, and apparently ignorant of the mild and gentle precepts of the dispensation under which they live. Prob-

SLEEP. *From Lady's Pictorial.*

ably they are "continuing in sin" in the publication office that "grace may abound" amongst their readers, but I am doubtful if transparent cant, pretentious humbug and hypocrisy—the nudity of which is scarcely relieved by the traditional fig leaf—can have anything but a damaging effect on those who are guilty of it, and those who are presumed to be too ignorant to recognize it. In conclusion, permit me to refer you, beloved brother, to Romans ii., 6, with the text of which I have taken but slight liberty: "Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O editor, whosoever thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself. For thou that judgest against a Sunday street car, doest the same or worse thing thyself—by publishing a Monday newspaper, the type of which is set on Sunday. (Verse 23.) Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonorest thou God. For the name of God is blasphemed amongst the Gentiles through you."

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In what I have said in the foregoing paragraphs it has not been my intention to deny the necessity of the day of rest, but I would urge it on economic not on Mosaic principles. No man should work seven days a week, nor should he work too many hours on any one day. Leisure is necessary physically and without it he can achieve no mental advancement and must remain a drudge. The greater culture of this century is owing to the leisure of the greater number. I thoroughly believe that it should be a part of the law of the land, as it was a part of the Mosaic law, that man and beast should rest, but I do not contend that they must all rest on the same day, but that the greatest possible number should rest together, therefore in order that nearly all may rest on the same day, a few must work for the good of the many and take their holiday on another day so arranged as not continuously to deprive them of divine service.

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I have but one other remark to make and that is with reference to the absolutely insulting terms with which the *Globe* refers to "'Arry and 'Arriet," meaning thereby, I presume, the serving man and woman. It imagines that if street cars were in vogue these people would go out on the spree and would make the country places howl with their undue exhilaration and become a nuisance to everyone. The "'Arry and 'Arriet" of this country can take care of themselves and behave themselves as well as anybody else, and they can be taken care of and made behave if they are not inclined to mannerly conduct. I am not particularly anxious to see the thing submitted to a vote because I imagine that the question has not been thought out sufficiently to popularize the project. The majority of churches and religious bodies would oppose it and the masses, I admit, do not seem sufficiently interested to take any trouble to carry it. Organized labor fears that the working hours of the week would be prolonged, and until some scheme is presented which will assure workingmen that their interests and well known desire for shorter hours shall be protected, they will oppose the scheme, not the less so because one of the papers which has been foremost in advocating it is unpopular with the wage-workers. However, those aldermen who refuse to submit it to the people and claim that the people have no right to have a say in the matter are quite as unworthy of public confidence as the newspaper which believes in restraints of traffic in order to keep "'Arry and 'Arriet" apart. Probably "'Arry and 'Arriet," confined in the same dingy apartment, would be much less harmless than with a license to roam about the fields and a street car to take them to their destination.

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The past week has been prolific in drowning accidents, all of them due, apparently, to the recklessness of those who should know better. And yet this does not make less sad the bereavements which so many families have suffered. I saw the two hearses carrying the coffins of Mr. and Miss World to the cemetery on Wednesday and it was truly a saddening sight. One can scarcely conceive the bereavement which must be felt in a home when the father and grown daughter have both been taken away without those preparatory days of illness and fear which, while they torture, make ready the mind of the watcher for the end which is to come. Toronto as a city is much given to aquatic sport, and strangers have observed that nowhere else is the same bravado shown as on our bay. Almost any incoming excursionist by water may, if he will watch, see half a dozen boats almost swamped by the steamer. Mothers and fathers should teach their children that there is nothing smart in risking their lives in this manner, and young men and older ones too, should feel a greater sense of responsibility when they take another life in charge. But it is useless to lecture. In youth fear is afar off, and in the case of the World accident even experience did not seem to bring that caution and sense of responsibility so necessary on board the little crafts which ply from our wharves to our island.

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Considerable political speculation has been excited by the fact that the new Archbishop of Toronto is inclined to be a Conservative. I have yet to know an archbishop whose love for the church has been diminished by his political tendencies. Like his predecessor, Archbishop Walsh will do the best he can for the Roman Catholic Church in this province, and taking all in all, I imagine his appointment is rather an injury than a benefit to Mr. Meredith. The new Archbishop and the leader of the Opposition are friends, but the suspicion which that friendship may excite will much more than counterbalance any influence that Mgr. Walsh will feel justified in using for Mr. Meredith's benefit. Just now the leader of the Opposition is between the devil and the deep sea; a part of his friends are viciously attacking French schools, the French language and other points which give offence to the strictest sect of the Roman Catholic Church. On the other hand Mr. Meredith seems to halt between two opinions, and now that the Archbishop personally leans towards him more than he does towards Mr. Mowat, it will neutralize the influence of the few converts whom the strong Protestant Conservatives have been winning over from the government. A very strange thing in this connection comes to light in the appointment of Bishop Cleary of Kingston as another Archbishop. There is no doubt about where Bishop Cleary stands. He is a reactionary priest devoted to Catholic aggression in Ontario. While Archbishop Walsh is a very cautious, just and inoffensive man, Archbishop Cleary is hot-headed, not sufficiently deliberate in speech and exceedingly straightlaced. Some of the rash things he has said have made a great noise in this province without benefiting his church, and I think I voice the opinion of a very large majority of Catholics in this arch-diocese that a feeling of relief was experienced by every one when they learned that he was not to be their Archbishop. If the report of Bishop Cleary's appointment is correct it has more than a surface meaning, and I would not be surprised to see the two Archbishops working together to consolidate the Catholic vote in this Province with the idea of holding it as a separate and ever-threatening balance of power in the Legislature. I do not believe they will be successful in the movement for the simple reason that I am convinced of the independence of a large section of the Catholic voters and the well-declared intention of that class of our fellow-citizens to mark their own ballots and do their own thinking in secular matters. However, one thing at least is apparent, that Rome is giving a good deal of attention to the politics of this and our sister province, Quebec, and I am not disposed to imagine that it bodes any good either for Protestantism or unsectarian citizenship.

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There is a movement on foot to recognize in some marked manner the efficient services, in England, of Mayor Clarke when he returns to Toronto. I should be glad to see it take the shape of a banquet, for our Mayor well deserves a public welcome, and it would be an early and fortunate opportunity for him to express his views concerning the money market and the municipal phenomena he has observed during his absence. No doubt the matter will be put in shape during the next few days.

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I understand that the railways have not been slow to appreciate the stand taken by the citizens in their meeting a week ago Friday night, and that already influences of every sort are being brought to bear to quiet the agitation. It is too late. The citizens of Toronto are up in arms against the present state of affairs and peace will not be declared until the necessary reforms are adopted. The bungle which has characterized the building of bridges,—and that supreme act of idiocy, the low-level bridge over the Don, which makes an important river channel valueless—are fresh in the memory of the people, and it is believed when once this movement gets under way that the whole problem will somehow be straightened out by the united efforts of the committee, the council and the Board of Trade. One thing at least we may be sure of, that the viaduct will necessarily raise the level of the bridge at the Don and make a repetition of the scene that was witnessed there the other day impossible. A couple of scows which were endeavoring to get under the bridge, had to be loaded down almost to the water's edge with stones to enable them to pass. Any one seeing that and knowing that upwards of a million dollars had been spent in making the river navigable above the bridge would be apt to enquire where the brains of the projectors of the scheme were who went on with the expenditure of money without thinking that even if the river were navigable no vessel could get into it on account of the low railway bridge. It is, without doubt, the most conspicuous piece of municipal bungling ever exhibited on this continent.

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I have pleasure in acknowledging the following contributions to the Babies' Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$18.50
Bay Street	1.00
Geo. A. Mac	2.00
H. Fortier	5.00
City Contractor	5.00
No name	50
E. C., Oshawa	30
A. H.	1.00
	$33.30

This week a boat load of youngsters went out for a sail and each one who has contributed to this fund has the pleasure of knowing that for every dime he sent me a little nursling of poverty had a day's enjoyment, with buns and milk galore.

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The seizure of the sealing vessel Black Diamond in Behring Sea has brought about a crisis in the negotiations between Great Britain and the United States. It is just as well that the issue was forced without the shedding of blood. Canada will watch with interest whether Great Britain yields in this matter to the aggression of the United States. It is the unanimous opinion of the Canadian people, so far as expressed opinion has been heard, that Behring Sea belongs to us as much as to the owners of Alaska, except, of course the three mile limit which is all we claim on our own shores. If Great Britain takes a milder view of it it would create a feeling of distrust throughout the Dominion, and those opposed to Imperial connection will urge that if Great Britain does not see fit to protect her rights in the open sea she will be a poor custodian of our valuable fisheries on the Atlantic coast. But I reckon we need not give ourselves much anxiety. By the time the government which sent out the cruiser Rush gets through with John Bull Canadian sealers will be able to go out and fish undisturbed. However, if Canada had her own fight to make in this matter it is just possible that Brother Jonathan would be a little more inclined to be arbitrary than he will when British gun-boats patrol the waters in which the late seizure was made. It is not altogether a pleasant position for us as a colony to be dependent on the protection of the Motherland, but when Imperial Federation comes about and we have some voice in Imperial affairs we will be able to maintain a different attitude and speak of the matter as if we did it ourselves and were not forced to call out to our mamma to keep our neighbor's children out of our back-yard.

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Some time ago I called attention to the fact that in this Dominion there is no such thing as a Canadian. When the census is being taken the resident of this country is put down as English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, etc., but never as a "Canadian." You cannot be buried as a Canadian, the cemetery people demanding of the survivor as to whether deceased is English, Irish, etc. This is all wrong and the Government should change it. There never will be a strong Canadian sentiment while Canadians must shame their motherland by claiming the name of another nationality.

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Hope speaks but faintly in the wish that immediate success may crown the efforts of the Equal Rights Association to Quebec. The voice of expectation does not speak at all. For concerning the practical results of an interview with Lord Stanley Ontario hopes little and expects nothing.

I take the liberty of calling the attention of the esteemed contemporary from whose editorial column the above is taken, to the fact that he has fallen into the very common habit of misusing the word "hope." If the voice of Hope is heard at all, it is impossible that Expectation be silent. If I remember rightly Hope is defined as a combination of desire and expectation; Fear as expectation without desire; and Despair as desire without expectation. I think, therefore, that Despair is the word to be used in the above connection.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The fourth weekly Hop and Pop of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association was held last Saturday evening and passed off very pleasantly, as usual. These occasions are looked forward to each week by all the Islanders as, perhaps, their greatest common source of pleasure. The programme of last Saturday was in two parts, as previously—music and dancing. Mr. Chas. Hooper kindly accepted the chair, and after a few good humored remarks, ushered in the programme. Those furnishing it were each recalled—some twice. They were Miss Way and Messrs. Fairweather, Capt. Andrews, and Paul Jarvis. Capt. Andrews gave a valuable address on life-saving, finishing with several laughable stories. Mr. Good, of the *Empire*, spoke a short time. Among those present were: Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. George Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Kirtland, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bostwick, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Jas. P. Murray, secretary, Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, the Misses Drynan, Miss Gilmour, Miss Louson of Montreal, Mr. and Miss Playter, the Misses Todd, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Miss K. Wade, Miss C. Webb and Messrs. Lightbourne, Macrae, Fred Hayes, Bacque, Grant Stewart, Ambery, Denison, F. Gray, Small, Lownds, Wilson, Mason, Carlyle, Brumelle, Louis Hayes and others.

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This (Saturday) afternoon the association has its annual aquatic tournament in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children. The committees having the charge of affairs have worked hard and the citizens will find, if they visit the centre island, or what every body now knows as the Island Park, within three minutes' walk of the wharf, a course laid out and a great programme of aquatic sports on. A temporary seat structure has been put up and a ten cent badge is used as a ticket. The winners of the various events will be rewarded with silver and bronze medals, and arrangements have been made to have the distribution take place in the large room of the R. C. Y. Club on Monday evening after a short concert has been rendered.

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Last Saturday a very jolly picnic party left Clendenning's wharf in John Hanlan's yacht, the Rescue, which landed them up the Humber, where courts were marked out in a rough way and sets of tennis played and a sumptuous tea sent out from the city was partaken of, after which they steamed for Toronto, arriving shortly after nine p.m., after having spent a delightful afternoon. Among those who were there, chaperoned by Mrs. Whitimore, were: Misses Edith and Maud Despard, Miss Lottie Wood, Miss May Fuller, the Misses Geikie, Miss Hardy, Mr. Hirschfelder, Dr. Geikie, Dr. Spillsbury, Messrs Symons, Newman, and H. Bourlier.

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Mrs. J. O. Heward has been in town for a week with her two children, Charlie and Florence, and was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Edward Jones of Church street. Mrs. Heward returned last Monday to Niagara on-the-Lake, accompanied by Miss Edith Jarvis.

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A large At Home was given at the Moorings, Hanlan's Point, last Wednesday evening, which was attended by the Islanders in costume to the number of nearly 400.

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Mr. Charles Hirschfelder gave an At Home last Tuesday at his father's residence, Rosedale, although the family, with the exception of the vice-consul, are at Old Orchard. Miss Hirschfelder's place was ably filled by her niece, Miss Fuller, who received the guests.

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Mrs. E. W. Edwards and daughter left last Thursday for Monreith, Hanlan's Island.

*

Mrs. Tom Wood and family, as has been their custom for years back, left for the Queen's-Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Thursday last, where they will remain for the month of August.

*

Mrs. Joseph Ridout, accompanied by the Misses Todd, left last Thursday for Colborne. Her son, Mr. Walter Ridout, resides there.

*

The following ladies and gentlemen are summering at Windermere, Muskoka: From Toronto—Messrs. G. W. and G. C. Lillie and Miss Lillie, Messrs. Fred and Arthur Suckling, Mr. and Mrs. Haine, Mr. Osborne Haine, Master Fergus, Mr. and Mrs. Frith, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffers, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Massey and child, Mrs. Jopling, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith, Miss C. Smith, Miss L. Smith, Miss B. Smith, Miss Towner, Miss Louie Livingstone, Miss W. Smith, Mr. Joseph Hughes, Mr. Ed Bailey, Mr. Gus Heward, Mr. Haldine, Mr. Pat Haldine, Mrs. E. H. Dewart, Mr. Ed Dewart, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, Misses Daisy and Jeanette Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Millichamp, Mr. W. Millichamp, Mr. Ed Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Miss Nellie Lucas, Mr R. T. Stovel, Mr. A. Sweatman, Mrs. Graham and child, Miss F. Taylor, Miss E. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. A. McDonald and family, Messrs. Hugh and Jack Ritchie, Mr. Sam Paton, Mrs. and Mrs. Nairn and the Misses Nairn, Mr. M. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Von Szeliski and Miss C. Kerr, Mr. Chas. Moss. From Hamilton—Mrs. M. E Hutchison, Mr. J. White, jr., Miss Allie White and Master H. White, Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen, Mrs. Wm. Waddell, Miss A. Atchenson, Mr. and Mrs Punshon and child. Mr. and Mrs. Greene and family, Mr. Aubrey Moore, Mr. A. H. Birge, Mr. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Vallance, the Misses Zealand, Mr. Sanford Evans, the Misses L. and C. Evans, Mrs. and Miss Somerville. Master H. Evans, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mockridge, Miss and Mr. Ed. Duffield, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Griffith and family. Messrs. J. and C. Mockridge. From Memphis, Tenn—Mrs. P. A. Coe, Miss F. Coe and Master C. Coe, the Misses A. and D. E. Clarke, and Mr. W. Jefferson. From New York—Mrs. W. W. and Miss Marie Gage and Master Cecil Gage. From Ayr—Mr. and Mrs. Watson and family, Mr. George E. Goldie, Mr. H. Hilborn, Mr. J. Wylie. From Welland—Mr. W. Brockfield.

*

The annual championship tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club will be held in the club grounds on Tuesday, September 3, and succeeding days. A new feature in the programme is the Veterans' Singles, which, from the interest taken in the game by some of the older members, bids fair to be a success. The grounds are in excellent condition at present on account of the abundant rainfall of this season.

*

Messrs. C. P. and Arthur A. Archbold sail on Thursday next from New York. They will visit the principal cities in Great Britain and Ireland, see the Paris Exposition and the O'Connor-Searle boat race and return about October 1.

*

The Misses Archbold will spend the summer with their cousin, Mrs. Frank B. Bowes of Hyde Park, Chicago.

*

The following are at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka: Mrs. C. S. Laycock of Buffalo, Mr. L. George Lindsay of Toronto, Mr. C. B. Patterson of Oakville, Miss Jackson, Messrs. A. and F. Armstrong, Mr. U. Mulock, of Toronto; Miss Gillespie of The Crag, Muskoka, Mr. R. Moffatt of Hamilton, Hon. E. H. Stowe, Mr. George N. Morud and son, Mr. Howard Jones, Mr. H. G. Floyd, of Pittsburg; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bingham, Mrs. C. M. Nolton, Mr. Risling Tucker, Mr. H. C. Dilke, Mr. Fred W. Perry, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Edwards, Miss Edwards, Miss Watts, of Sarnia; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Miller and children, Miss Stanley, of Berlin; Mr. T. R. Spence of Cincinnati, O., Mr. and Mrs. W. Holton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton of San Francisco.

*

Messrs. Cecil Horrocks and Frank Russell are enjoying a three weeks' outing around the Muskoka lakes and Georgian Bay.

*

The following Torontonians returned on Wednesday from Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Miss Maud Gooderham and the Misses Gooderham, Dr. W. F. and Miss Pettelly, Mr. Kivas Tully, C. E., Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice and Miss Eva Smallpeice, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Oxnard, Miss Maud Oxnard, Mr. W. A. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce and Miss Bruce.

*

The following Toronto people are at The Penetanguishene: Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mrs. Henry, Miss Thompson, Mrs. George Harman and family, Mrs. James Boulton, Mrs. Nordheimer's family, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Bohme and family, Mr. Alan Macdougall and family, Mrs. Lockhart and family, Mr. Manson, Mr. McEchearn, Mr. McPhail and family, Mr. D. R. Wilkie and family, Miss Benson, Mrs. Page Wadsworth and family, Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden and family, Mrs. Bethune and family, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Hebden and family, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland. From Hamilton: Judge, Mrs. and Miss Sinclair, Mrs. and Miss Stewart, Mr. Carr, Mr. Barnard.

*

Mr. G. W. Badgerow, County Crown Attorney, and Sheriff Widdifield, left yesterday for a tour through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

*

His Honor Judge McDougall, is holidaying at present.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maulson and family are summering at their cottage on Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

*

Mr. and Mrs. F. Phillips and Miss Olive Phillips of Beverley street are taking a two weeks' tour through Muskoka.

*

Mrs. W. H. Jones and Miss Myrtle Jones of Crawford street and the Misses Phillips of Beverley street are enjoying a two months' holiday on Lake Huron.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGann of Parliament street are spending a few weeks with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Brophy, at their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

*

Mrs. C. A. Phillips and Miss Eyre of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. George Eyre of Brighton, have to-day for Niagara where they will stay at the Queen's Royal.

*

Col. Fred C. Denison and Dalton McCarthy, M.P., accompanied by Mrs. Denison and Mrs. McCarthy left on Wednesday for the West. They will spend a month in British Columbia.

*

Rev. R. A. Bilkie, assistant minister at the Church of the Ascension, who has been in England for the past two months, has returned and will conduct the service to-morrow.

*

Mr. E. R. Doward, organist of the Church of the Ascension, who has been holidaying at the Thousand Islands, has returned.

*

The following guests are at Hutton House, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reddit of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jones and family of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hallets and family of Lindsay, Messrs. J. A. Palmer and Wm. Sibbitt of Bracebridge, Wm. Hollingshead of Berks, England, James Boyes of Bracebridge.

*

A very pleasant party is summering at St. Germain Island, Lake Joseph. Dr. Canniff's beautiful island, known as Cosy Nook Camp. The company consists of Mrs. Canniff, Mrs. Thorpe, sister of Dr. Canniff, Miss Alice Williams, daughter of the rector of St. John's Church, Miss Canniff, Master Willie Roberts, son of Capt. Roberts, Mr. Fred Canniff and Master Aubrey Canniff.

*

Miss May Fahey, who passed successfully at the Toronto Conservatory examinations recently, is summering at Penetang.

*

Mr. C. H. Murdoch has amongst his guests at Macassa Point, Lake Rosseau, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Birdie Dunn, Mr. Med Fahey, Miss Clara and Mr. John Macdonald Fahey and Mr. Alf Blackburn, of Toronto.

*

Miss Alice E. Sweetnam is enjoying the sea breezes on the New Jersey coast.

*

The following guests are staying at Summit House, Port Cockburn, Muskoka: Mr. Henry Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. J. Martin, Mr. J. S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bates, Mr. Aubrey White, the Misses White, Mr. T. B. Young, Mr. Benj Allen, Mr. J. A. Littlejohn, Mr. Alf. Mackenzie, Mr. James Proctor, Mr. W. F. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bailey, Miss Ella Fyfe, Mrs. P. L. Mason, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, Miss Addie Mitchell of Toronto; Miss Nettie Chisholm, Miss Lizzie Chisholm, Miss Kate Chisholm, Miss Annie M. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Downwell, Mrs. Macmahon, the Misses Kate, Mary, Daisy, and Eleanor Macmahon, Mr. Percy Macmahon, Mr. John Macmahon, Miss Hattie Fields of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sheppard, Mr. H. E. Smith, Mr. C. Allen of Buffalo, Mr. J. M. Berdan of Toledo, Ohio; Mr. W. P. Scott, Mr. G. L. Severance, Mr. A. Severance of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Stanbridge of Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Staley of Detroit.

*

The eighth annual convention of the Canadian Shorthand Society will be held in the Normal School in this city on Monday, August 12. A cordial invitation is given to all lovers of the art. In the evening a bust of Isaac

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

FOR AN

Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

E. BEETON

High Grade Watch Specialist

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Sea Side Excursions

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41 KING STREET WEST

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New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also being under able management.

COACHMAN'S

Collars and White Washing Ties

JUST RECEIVED

These are made specially. The Collars are round cornered and the Ties are made of Fine White Linen.

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17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

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We will be prepared on and after the 13th inst. to show our spring importations in trimmed and untrimmed millinery, flowers, feathers and novelties.

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High Grade
Nor.-Magnetic
Swiss&American

WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Montreal Mutterings.

For Saturday Night.

There is a deal to see in this quaint old city to interest a westerner. It is a queer conglomeration indeed—business and idleness, affluence and poverty, joy and sorrow, all rubbing shoulders in the most unconcerned fashion as though each was ignorant of the existence of the other and cared neither to turn to the right nor to the left. Montreal is a busy place, truly; a noble city when one contemplates her massive piles of masonry and thinks of her tremendous commercial importance; a funny city when one studies her countless oddities and follows her maze of le ser thoroughfares and notes what variety of comical scenes and sounds prevail in the lower quarters; a sorrowful city too, one may find if the stifling, crowded, poverty-stricken lanes and alleys are traversed, where vice and misery cower in their soiled rags, struggling o'er their wretched span and seeing their ranks daily increasing within ear-shot of the rumble of the wheels of the millionaire's carriage, and round the corner from imposing business houses whose operations represent annually money enough to dry every tear and make glad every miserable face within her far-spreading limits. With the great streets of a city like this one becomes familiar in a few days. There are the self-same handsome carriages, and busy men and fashionables, hurrying or loitering; the same hum and roar from day to day, to be repeated with but trifling variation every time you care to study it. It is a very small kaleidoscope of limited changes—a few scraps of gold and tinsel, a few turns, and the first combination is reproduced.

But the by-paths, the lanes and alleys, the tenements and dens of poverty are a study for years. It is a great kaleidoscope, its particles rust and mould, mildew and stain, earth and scraps, with countless changes, few of them pleasing but still possessing a certain interest.

Follow the crowding lesser veins that diverge from the great arteries of traffic and you will find what will set you pondering upon the division of the goods of this life, until you wonder vaguely why a vast number of human beings live at all, and where they find sufficient compensation for undergoing the ordeal of existence. But there are bright spots too here and there in the maze of misery. You pass crowded tenement after tenement and fairly sicken of their squalor and wretchedness, until suddenly, at an open window or door, you see a bright, comely French face, a vision of loveliness and cleanliness, with keen black eyes that no speck of dust nor web of spider can escape. Madam's plump arms know how to put the "rub-it off" on a broom or mop: madam's shapely nose loves the freshest air available, so her door is wide open and steps and walk carefully tended, and madam herself is plump enough to be jolly and French enough to be dainty, therefore she works away merrily and keeps her little home spotless, proud of her shiny knick-knacks and snowy curtains.

Queerly contrasted are the faces you will see during such a ramble. Black eyes, dusky skins and raven hair prevail, yet while the younger ones are in many cases beautiful, everywhere you will see features distorted and skins pitted with the irradicable traces of the dreadful scourge that found such grand facilities for its deadly work in this jumble of crowded life.

Petite France peers at you with saucy dancing eyes black as cloes and sharp as needles; she is lovely now at six with her rich complexion and tangled curls, but she will grow stout ere thirty, sallow at thirty-five, and end by looking like Grand-mere, with a skin like wrapping paper and wrinkles that would make a concertina feel smooth. It is the way with all flesh, French flesh especially.

But enough of the slums.

As Toronto prides herself upon her Q. O. R., so does Montreal upon her Vics. and Scots. It used to be the Picts and Scots if I remember what I had to be licked to learn, but spell it with a "we," Samivel, when you're in Montreal. I strolled down to the Champ de Mars on Sunday to see the Scots turn out, and right well do they deserve praise. It's an "kneesy" thing to find fault with the Scottish uniform for those who don't like it, but I harbor no such prejudices and make bold to say that the regiment in question both looked, marched, and manœuvred in a fashion worthy of veterans. The costume may be a trifle drafty and savoring of a petticoat government, but they are the stuff that stands, if need be, till they're kilt entirely, and the records tell whether the kilt ran away or stayed on the field in the hottest scrimmages. From the drum major—a veteran of the famous Black Watch—down, they are a fine looking soldierly set.

Sunday is a holiday in this strange city, but not exactly after the style prevalent in Ontario. You don't have to work one day in the week, *ergo*, that must be intended for Sunday, but one is apt to forget it. Street cars and cabs ply as usual; a band attracts your attention to some fun going on at one point, and at another a lot of fellows are playing ball. On one of the gun club's grounds, some of the members are shooting a few friendly sweeps; many stores are open, etc., and taken all round you are apt to be impressed with the idea that reverence hereabouts is seriously hampered by limits. Crowds seek the mountain, and I don't blame 'em, for it is a wonderfully attractive spot. You enter a little car and are hauled up the steep trestle-work, higher and higher until you feel that you are getting pretty close to the Blue Beyond, and that if the tackle should happen to give out, there will probably be a shower of flesh somewhere in the State of Maine shortly after. From the mountain there is a matchless view. On a clear day one can make out the Green Mountains of New Hampshire and perhaps catch a glimpse of the peaks of the Adirondacks, while the panorama closer at hand is very lovely. Behind the mountain is the "city of the dead," with many handsome tombs and shrines, and you see numbers of people strolling about out of curiosity like myself, or adorning the graves of their loved ones passed away. There is no levity here, one can hardly realize that these are the same people as were seen larking about the city a Sunday ago, as though they never knew what the day was for, and whatever may be said for and against their religion, one thing is certain, they never forget it, and well would it be for other creeds could they boast an equal influence and such devoted followers.

Three old ladies quaint-looking and more quaintly garbed, and a tow-headed boy, pass quietly along as though they walked on holy ground and knew the dwellers in the silent

berths but slept for a time, and might be disturbed by a careless tread. They go from shrine to shrine, praying softly as they walk and kneeling for a time at each, the women earnestly and the tow headed boy mechanically, a fitting illustration of the two extremes—age preparing for the end of life, and youth anxious only for the end of the prayers. A little chipmunk steals from behind the shrine and "chicks" softly and flirts its feathery tail and displays its velvet stripes, and sits erect upon its haunches, combing its whiskers and washing its face, and the tow-headed boy's soul goes out to it with an earnestness which, if concentrated upon his prayer, would probably work his everlasting good, but the women pray on and a slight movement of one brings the boy to attention like a flash and sends the chipmunk diving into his hole with a frightened cry.

All over the cemetery are wooden slabs with photographs of those whose memories they keep alive let into recesses and neatly covered with glass to protect them from the weather, and the neat appearance of the graves and the countless floral and other decorations prove that the sleepers are not forgotten. Here a dark-robed woman is weeping and praying together over a tiny mound — and one guesses the story — there three small children kneel between two large newly-made graves, no doubt they are orphans. Contemplating these sights sobers one, the spirit of the place touches you and you too walk slowly and carefully though none of yours wait within its bounds, and your creed is not the same as prompts those prayers. But you realize the thorough earnestness of all these people, and not agreeing with them in thought, yet you admire their devotion and are impressed with their wonderful belief. How strong that belief is and how perfectly hearts are governed by it is proved on every side. Presently you come to a huge mass of stone with a white tablet let into it. The stone is marked as though chipped with a thousand blows, the tablet is defaced and the letters unreadable as though strong hands had struck it o'er and o'er with hammers.

Something like that was done. The man beneath that great stone owned the burial plot, he died after incurring the enmity of the church; the law decided he should be buried in the plot he owned, but the church said no. It took a military force to see that the law was carried out and the marks on the stone tell an eloquent tale of the sternness of the opposition and the hold that church has upon her flock. Still, it but proves the o'ermastering earnestness of the people and while it is certainly an extreme case, maybe a goodly measure of that same earnestness would work a power of good in other creeds. Down on a quiet little street from a closed door hangs the sign of death—a great sable streamer with the mark of the faith upon it. Along the sidewalk comes a rough laborer, a hard-looking, evil featured man, grimy from his work in the ditches and suggestive of crime or the blackest depths of sin rather than religion. He is in a hurry, yet, as his eye catches the crape his step is slowed and he moves softly; closer yet, and he sees the little emblem of his faith, his rough hat is removed and his head bowed as he passes reverently by. There is something touchingly beautiful in the homage of this ignorant lawless looking man, but this is Montreal—Catholic Montreal.

ED. W. SANDYS.

He Never Forgot.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bixby, as she went into the theater with Mr. Bixby, "I've forgotten my handkerchief; but it don't matter much for—"

"You women are always forgetting some thing," said Bixby sharply. "It's a blessed thing we men have memories longer than our little fingers, and when we do forget a thing we don't go into fits over it. I really don't believe you ever went to any place in your life without forgetting your gloves or your fan or your parasol or some fol-de-rol, and I don't believe I ever forgot a thing in my life and I—let me see, where are our tickets! Oh, here they are! No, they're not. I'm sure I put them in this pocket and—where in thunder can they be? Now, I had those tickets not two minutes before we started and—I guess they're in my pocket-book and—no they're not! Well, if this don't beat the devil and Tom Walker! A nice fix we'll be in if I can't find those confounded tickets! I haven't got them, that's certain!"

"I saw them on the mantel in your room just before we started," said Mrs. Bixby.

"You did!" roared Bixby. "Well, that's just where they are now, I'll bet a cent! Why in creation didn't you tell me they were there! I remember I laid them there while I—but we might as well take a car and put back home! We can't get in without tickets. It makes me so confounded, raving, furiously mad! Let's get out of here before I kill somebody!"—*Time.*

A Little Uncertain About The Number.

It was a Dakotan who was called upon by the census-taker some years ago and asked, "How many children have you, Mr.——?"

"Hm—let's see. 'Bout ten, I reckon, stranger."

"Their names, please!"

"Wall, I'll hev to ask the old lady 'bout that," and he went into the house and soon returned with a list of names.

The census-taker went over the list and only found nine names. "I only count nine," he said.

"Wall, by gum! Hay there, Nancy."

Nancy appeared at the door.

"There air only nine names on that list."

"Well, I reckon we had ten o' 'em, Ike," the woman responded. "We've been married goin' on 'leven year' now."

"Wall, by gol, that's strange." This from the man.

The census-taker changed the figures from ten to nine, and started down the road, leaving the couple in a brown study. After he had got about a quarter of a mile from the house he heard a shout, and turning around he waited until the old man came up, breathless and excited:

"It's all right, stranger, it's all right," he panted; "the old woman was c'rect; she's counted the new baby shirts—she allus makes a new one and keeps it. One o' the young 'uns died last Fall!"

She Had Counted.

"Mamma, dear, do you know you've got twenty-nine pins in the back of your dress?"

"Good gracious, child, how do you know?"

"Why, I've just pulled them out."

Astonishing Result.

Snawbah—There's a girl I came near marrying.

Knawbah—Why didn't you? She is an heiress.

Snawbah—I know it; but when I proposed it frightened her into a decline.

A Great Traveler.

Mr. Plaintalk—Have you traveled much, Miss Elderly?

Miss Elderly—Indeed I have. Every summer since my sixteenth year dear papa has taken me off for a trip abroad

Is that so? Well, I don't suppose that there is any country that you have not visited.

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hote dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c. or six tickets for $2. As this is the only table d'hote dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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For Manufacturing New Designs in
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Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 73

DYEING AND CLEANING
Gent's Suits, Ladies' Dresses
Dyed or cleaned, and all kinds of goods done on the shortest notice. Telephone 1235. Goods sent for and delivered. Best house in the city.
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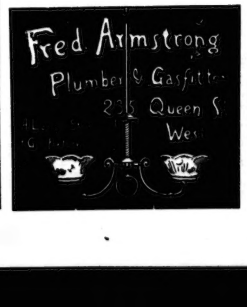
THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
ABOUT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
BENGHAM'S PHARMACY
100 Yonge St., Toronto.

For Sale by all Leading Druggist.



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99 Yonge Street, Toronto
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Telephone No. 1277
Ladies' Hunting Caps and Silk Riding Hats, which for Style, Beauty and Durability are unequalled.

GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS
Our stock of Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unsurpassed. Sole agents for the celebrated Miller Silk and Felt Hats

LADIES WILL NOTE
We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS
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HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW STYLES OF
FRONTPIECES AT DORENWEND'S?
If not, you should take a peep at them before you buy your Season's Goods. You will find that Dorenwend's Styles are the most becoming and most durable. For hair goods of any kind this is the place to go to. Ladies' Waves, Frontpieces, Bangs, Wigs. The new Fluffy Switches, etc., etc.
A. DORENWEND, Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar, 103 and 105 Yonge Street.

LATEST FASHIONABLE STYLES
For Ladies' Hair Goods

Armand's Pompadour Frontpiece the Success of this Season
This frontpiece rises up in the center with a few curls on the temples, the rest falls back in natural wavy hair, and is made on a *miniature* foundation. It is very light, most elegant and charming looking.
Price $4 50. Sent by post $5.
The little Russian Bang so popular in the States, is also a very becoming style. Price $2.50 and $3.50.
Ladies, if you wish something nice and stylish in Bangs, get one of the above tempting Frontpieces.
ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
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Close to Y. M. C. A. Buildings, Toronto.

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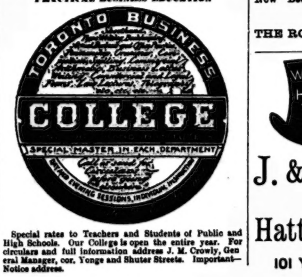

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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED.

"It was; but it was my thought all the same; for three days and three nights it was never absent from my mind. God knows how I got through the common business of the day—how the few people with whom I came in contact did not see murder in my face! I watched and waited for my opportunity; and when the moment came I did not shrink. There are old people at Cheriton who could tell you that Evelyn Strangway at fifteen years old was as good a shot as either of her brothers. My hand had not forgotten its cunning; and your daughter was a widow three weeks after she was made a bride. By so much as she was happier than I by so much was her joy briefer than mine.

She sank into a corner of the large armchair and covered her face with her hands, muttering to herself. He heard the words—"I made myself her Evil Destiny; I was her fate—Nemesis, Nemesis! The sins of the fathers! It is the Scripture."

He could not stay in the room with her after that confession. She had been perfectly coherent in telling the story of her crime; and it seemed to him that even now she gloated over the evil she had wrought, and was proud of her power to undo her work by the lifting of her hand she would hardly have used that power. She seemed a malignant spirit, rejoicing in evil.

He went out into the passage and told the policeman's wife to look after her, and then he went to the desolate dreary drawing-room upstairs and down the bare boards, waiting for the arrival of one or both of the doctors.

What would they think of her mental condition. She had been curiously coherent just now. The temporary delusion had passed away like a cloud. She had spoken as a perfectly conscious of her acts, and accountable for them. Judged by her speech just now she was a criminal who deserved the sternest measure of the law.

But he who knew of those long years of brooding, he who knew the story of her wrongs, and how those wrongs must have acted upon her proud and stubborn spirit, to him there seemed little doubt that her mind had long lost its balance, and that her crime had been the culminating crisis of a long period of mental unhealth. He waited the verdict of the doctors with eactest anxiety, for only in an asylum did he see safety for this unhappy linnet. The finding of the pistol would inevitably be talked about at Cheriton, and it was possible that at any moment suspicion might take the right direction. To get her away, to get her hidden from the world was his most ardent desire; but this was not inconsistent with his desire to spare her. The thought that he had ruined her life—that his wrong-doing was at the root of all her miseries—was never absent from his mind.

Dr. Davidson was the first to arrive. He was a man of supreme refinement, gentle, compassionate, an artist by talent and temperament, intellectual to the tips of his fingers. He had made insanity and the study of the insane the work of his life, as his father and grandfather had done before him, and he enjoyed the privilege of having been hoped for in his enlightenment, which they had not even foreseen in their happiest anticipations. He had met Lord Cheriton often in London society, and had visited him in the country, and they were as close friends as two busy men of the world can be.

He was mystified by so sudden a summons and to such a locality; but he had too much tact to betray any surprise. He listened quietly to Lord Cheriton's brief explanation that he was wanted to form an opinion of a dependent whose state of mind had given cause for uneasiness.

"I will say very little about her till you have seen her," said Cheriton. "If it should appear to you and to my friend Wilmot, whom I have asked to meet you—if you should decide that she ought to be placed under restraint, I should wish her to be removed immediately to your house at Cheshunt. I know that she will be made as happy there as her state of mind will admit, and I shall rely upon your kind consideration for making this a special case."

"You may be assured I shall do my utmost for anyone in whom you are interested, my dear Cheriton, but indeed I think you must know that I do my utmost in every case. It is only in some small details that I can ever show special attention. Is this poor lady very violent?"

"No, she is very quiet."

"And no suicidal mania, I hope?"

"I have seen no evidence of it; but she left her home in a rather strange and motiveless manner this morning, and that, coupled with other indications in the past, gave me the alarm."

"Has she any delusions?"

"Yes, it was under a delusion that she came to this empty house." She lived here many years ago, and on talking to her just now I found her unconscious of the lapse of time, and fancying that all things were still as they were when she was a young woman."

"Has she had any illness lately?"

"None that I know of."

"I fear there can be little doubt as to her malady. Will you take me to her? She will be less alarmed if you are with me. Oh, by the way, the nurse you asked for will be here almost immediately."

"I am glad of that. There is only a wretched slattern in the house, whom I don't like to see in attendance upon my poor friend."

Lord Cheriton and the doctor went into the room where Mrs. Porter was sitting beside the window, staring moodily at the trailing tendrils of Virginia creeper and passion-flower hanging from the roof of the veranda and shutting out the light. There was something unspeakably desolate in that glimpse of neglected garden seen athwart that neglected verdure, with the smoky London sky for a background.

She looked round quickly at the sound of footsteps, and started up from her chair.

"Who is the man?" she asked, turning to Lord Cheriton. "Are you going to send me to prison? You have lost no time."

"This gentleman is my old friend, and he is interested in helping you if he can.

"You had better leave us together," said Dr. Davidson, gently.

Lord Cheriton left the room silently, and paced the narrow entrance hall, listening with intense anxiety to the low murmuring sound of voices on the other side of the door.

There were no loud tones from either speaker. There could be neither anger nor profound agitation upon Mrs. Porter's side, the listener thought, as he awaited the result of that interview. A knock at the hall-door startled him from his expectancy, and he hastened to admit the new arrival.

It was his other medical friend, Dr. Wilmot, stout and jovial, more adapted to assist at a wedding than a funeral, more fitted to prescribe for wine-bibbing aldermen or dowagers who needed to be "kept up" on Rederer or Mumm, than to stand beside the bed of agony or listening to the ravings of a mind distraught. Dr. Davidson came out of the dining-room at the sound of the voices in the hall.

"Ah, how do you do, Wilmot? You will have very little trouble in making up your mind about this poor soul. Go in and talk to her while I take a turn in the garden with his Lordship."

He opened the dining-room door, and Dr. Wilmot passed in, smiling, agreeable, and beginning at once in an oily voice, "my dear lady, my friend Davidson suggested that I should have a little chat with you while Lord Cheriton and he are admiring the garden. A very nice garden, upon my word, for the immediate vicinity of London. One hardly expects as nice a bit of ground, nowadays. May I feel your pulse? Thanks, a little too fast for perfect health."

"What do you and that other man mean by all this pretence?" she exclaimed indignantly. "I am not ill. Are you a doctor or a policeman in disguise? If you want to take me to prison I am ready to go with you. I came to London on purpose to give myself up. You need not beat about the bush. I am ready."

"Mad, very mad," thought Dr. Wilmot, detaining the unwilling wrist, and noting the tumultuous pulsations by the second hand of his professional watch.

Lord Cheriton and Dr. Davidson were pacing slowly up and down the moss-grown gravel while this was happening.

"How did you find her?"

"Curiously calm and collected for the first part of the interview. Had it not been for her troubled eye, and the nervous movements of her hands, I should have supposed her as sane as you or I. I talked to her of indifferent subjects, and her answers were consecutive and reasonable, although it was evident she resented my presence. It was only when I asked her why she had come to London without giving her friends notice that she became agitated and incoherent, and began to talk about her crime, committed a murder, and wishing to give herself up and make a full confession of her guilt. Instead of giving the lie to the idea that she was going to find the law. She had no fear of the result. She had long been tired of her life, and she was not afraid of the disgrace of a felon's death. Her whole manner, as she said this, showed a deep rooted delusion, and I am of opinion that the mind has been unhinged for a long time, that notion of a murder or any actual murder, and insist upon his guilt, often with an extraordinary appearance of truth and reality, until he is shaken by severe cross-examination.

"You will receive her in your house at once?"

"I have no objection if Wilmot's opinion coincides with mine. I have no doubt as to her being in a condition to require restraint. She is not violent at present, but if she is not taken care of she will go wandering about in search of a police magistrate to whom to make her statement, and with increasing excitement there will be every likelihood of actual mania. Ah, here comes Wilmot. Well, what do you think of the case, Wilmot?"

"Mad, undoubtedly mad. She took me for a policeman in disguise, and raved about a murder for which she wanted to give herself up to justice."

"A fixed delusion, you see," said Davidson, with a gentle sigh. "Do you know how long she has had this idea, Cheriton?"

"Indeed, I do not. Her mention on my estate was a peculiar one. She lived at one of the lodges, but her status was not that of an ordinary lodge-keeper. She was a person of stress, and lived a very solitary life—after her daughter left her. I have sent for the daughter, who will be here presently, I hope. My first notice of anything wrong in her mind was given by a young medical man who was visiting at Cheriton. He saw Mrs. Porter, and formed the opinion that she was crazed on some one head in the past, or was likely to go off her head in the future. That startled me, and I had it in my mind to ask your opinion when I see her, Davidson, when there came the sudden departure of this morning—a departure which was so opposed to her former habits that it made me anxious. I followed, I followed her to London—first to her daughter's lodging—and then here—where, by mere guesswork, I found her."

"Do you think that it may be the sad event of last year—the murder of your son-in-law—which has put this notion into her head?"

"It is not unlikely. That dreadful event made a profound impression upon everybody at Cheriton. She being a reserved and thoughtful woman, may have brooded over it."

"Until she grew to associate herself with the crime," said Wilmot. "Nothing more likely. Was the murderer never found, by the way?"

"Never."

"But is there can be no suspicion against this lady, I conclude. She can have been in no way concerned in the crime?"

"I think you have only to look at her in order to be satisfied upon that point," said Lord Cheriton; and the two physicians agreed that the poor lady in question was not of the criminal type, and that nothing was common in the history of mental aberration than the hallucination to which she was a victim.

"Those monotonous lives of annui ants and genteel dependents are productive of madness, and the outward eye full of placid contentment, do not infrequently tend toward madness," said Dr. Wilmot. "I have known more than one such case as this. There are some minds that have no need of action or variety, some natures which are vegetable in a harmless way, and there are other tempers which prey upon themselves in solitude, and brood upon fancies till they lose touch of realities. This lady is of the latter type, and highly organized sensitive to a marked degree, of the *genus irritabile*.

"You will take all necessary steps at once?" said Lord Cheriton, looking from one doctor to the other.

Both were consentient. The nurse arrived while they were together in the drawing-room signing the certificate. It was six o'clock, and the shadows were deepening in the room where Mrs. Porter was sitting quiescent, silent, in a kind of stupor, from which she was soon roused by the entrance of the nurse from Cheshunt, a tall comely-looking woman of about thirty, neatly dressed, and with some pretension to refinement of manner.

Mrs. Porter sat there in her dull lethargy, the food that had been prepared for her untasted at the table. The nurse looked at the patient with a keen professional eye, and from the patient to the tray where an ill-cooked chop stagnated in a pool of grease, and where the unused teacup showed that even the feminine refreshment of tea had failed to tempt her.

"She hasn't eaten anything," said the nurse, "and she looks weak and ill, as if she had been for a long time without food. You'd better send for some Brand's essence and a little brandy, she ought to be kept up somehow, if she is to be taken to Cheshunt to-night. It will be a long drive."

Lord Cheriton despatched the policeman's wife for the Brand's essence and the cheaper wine merchant's, while he went himself to a livery stable and ordered a brougham and pair to be at Mrs. Porter's lodging in half an hour. The certificate had been signed, and there was nothing to hinder the removal of the patient. He found Mercy with her mother upon his return, but the mother had given no sign of recognition, and the daughter sorrowfully acknowledged the sad necessity of the case Mrs. Davidson gently explained her mother's condition to her.

"I am not surprised," she said, with sad submission, "I saw it coming years ago. I have lain awake many a night when I was a girl listening to her footsteps as she walked up and down her bedroom, and to the heart-broken sigh that she gave every now and then, in the dead of the night, when she thought there was no one to hear her."

An hour later the woman who for twenty years had been known as Mrs. Porter, and who was to carry that name to her dying day, was on her way to The Grange, Cheshunt, her daughter Mercy and the nurse in the carriage with her. She had made no resistance—had gone where she was asked to go, with an apathetic indifference; had given no trouble. But although her daughter had been with her for two days, filling all that tender attention could do to awaken her memory, there had been not a word or a look to betoken consciousness of her existence.

Yet it was clear that the mental powers were only clouded, not extinguished; for, as Lord Cheriton stood a little way outside the porch watching her as he bussed out to the carriage, she stopped suddenly and looked at him.

"Will you and I ever meet again, James Dalbrook?" she asked earnestly.

He paled at the address in those clear, incisive tones, dreading what she might say next.

"I think it may be better we shall not meet," he said gloomily. "I have placed you in the care of those who will do the best that can be done for you."

"You are sending me to a madhouse, in the care of a mad doctor. That is your substitute for Cheshunt. I used to think that I was mad, about, ages ago, in this house; the home you and I were to have shared, as man and wife. It was my birthplace, James, and I vowed to God it had been my grave before I ever looked upon your face!"

The nurse hustled her charge into the carriage, muttering something about "delusions;" but Dr. Davidson was too shrewd a student of humanity not to perceive some meaning in these disjointed words. He had heard from that Mrs. Porter was deranged, and a person who would be the better for the moderate restraint of a well-managed asylum, but he had also no doubt that she had her lucid intervals, and that in this farewell speech she had let in the light upon her past relations with James Dalbrook, Earl of Cheriton.

That revelation accounted for some points in the law lord's conduct which had hitherto been incomprehensible to his friend the doctor.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Mine after-life! what is mine after-life?
My life is close! the grave is close! the daughter come!
A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate!"

It seemed to Lord Cheriton as he drove to Victoria street in Dr. Davidson's brougham, that the hour which had just come to an end had been the longest day of his life. He looked back at the sunny morning hour in which he had lingered over the business of the toilet, dwelling upon the discovery of the pistol, his spirits weighed down by a vague foreboding, a dim horror of approaching evil, incapable to measure the extent of his own fears. He recalled the moment at which his valet brought him Theodore's brief summons to the West Lodge—a moment that had given new reality to all he had dreaded—a moment which told him that the shadowy horror which had been beside his pillow all through the night was going to take a tangible shape. Oh, God, how long it seemed since that pencilled line was put in his hand—since he stood in the blinding sunshine staring at the cart-wheel ruts—before he recovered himself so far as to turn to his servant with his habitual grave authority, and give some trivial order about his overcoat.

Since then what slow agonies of apprehension—what self abasement before the daughter whom he had wronged! Since then his daughter, face to face! What terror lest the woman whom his perfidy had driven to madness and crime should be called upon to answer to the law for that crime—while England should ring with the story of his treachery, and his hidden sin! He felt as if he had lived through half a lifetime of shame and sorrow since the pale and dumb, a worn-out man, and his friend and physician respected his silence.

"Will you come down to dinner with me, Cheriton?" said Dr. Davidson, as they crossed the bridge. "It may be pleasanter for you than the solitude of your own rooms."

"You are very good, Davidson, not fit for society—not even yours. I am deeply indebted to you—I feel that you are indeed my friend—and that you will do all that can be done to make that broken life yonder endurable."

"You may be sure of that. I would do as much were Mrs. Porter a nameless waif whom I had found by the road side; but as your friend she will have an unceasing interest for me. Shall you stay long enough in town to be able to spare time to go and see her at the Grange?"

"No, I must go back to Dorsetshire to-morrow. I shall be at your disposal again—Accept that fact as the strongest proof of my confidence in you. Had I any doubt as to her treatment I should find time to time, at whatever cost of pain to myself."

"There is nothing but pain, then, in your present feeling about that poor lady?"

"Nothing but pain."

"And yet—forgive me if I touch an old wound—I think you must have loved her once."

The shadows were deepening, the lamps shone with faint yellow light upon the grey stone parapet, and the interior of the carriage was very dark. Perhaps it was the darkness which emboldened Dr. Davidson to push his inquiry to this point.

"You are right," his friend answered, slowly; "I did love her once."

The brougham stopped at his lordship's door in Victoria street, and then drove northwards with the physician. There was time for more serious reflection between Westminster and Welbeck street.

"My poor patient must be carefully looked after," mused the doctor, "for I'm afraid there is more meaning in her self-accusation than there generally is in such cases, and that Sir Godfrey Carmichael's murderer is now in my keeping."

The long August day passed very quietly at Willow Priory. Lady Cheriton arrived in the afternoon, and the three generations spent the summer hours on the lawn, mother and daughter sitting at work under the tulip trees, grandmamma and nurse in the shade of a garden seat, motion which is infancy's only alternative with perpetual slumber.

"Theodore spent his afternoon in a somewhat restless fashion, and appeared as if possessed by a rage of locomotion. He rambled about the grounds, explored the shrubberies, and wandered all the plantations that gladded this little park. He went to both lodges, and talked to the caretaker at each. He made a pedestrian excursion to the village, on the pretence of making inquiries at the postoffice, but in reality with the idea of meeting with, or hearing of, Mrs. Porter, should she have wandered that way. He behaved like a traitor, like the secret police who had been charged with a guardianship of the most precious life in the land; and if his movements betrayed the nervous anxiety of the amateur, rather than the business-like tranquillity of the professional, he made up in earnestness for what he lacked in training and experience.

It was on his return from his second wandering perambulation of the village that he found Lady Cheriton's telegram waiting for him at the Priory. The relief that message brought was unspeakable, and his countenance showed the change in his feelings when he rejoined the two ladies on the lawn.

"Something very pleasant must have happened to you, Theodore," said Juanita. "You have been looking the picture of gloom all day, and now you are suddenly radiant. Have you been talking to one of the Vicar's pretty daughters?"

"No, Juanita; neither of those wax doll beauties glorified my path. I heard their treble voices on the other side of the holly-hedge as I passed the Vicarage, and I'm afraid they were quarrelling. I have had good news from London."

"From my father?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Theodore, why do you torture me by hinting news from me! Something has happened, I know."

"You will know all in a few days, Juanita. Thank God, a great fear that has haunted me for some time past is now at an end. I can look at you and your child without seeing the shadow of an enemy across your path."

She looked at him searchingly.

"All this amounts to nothing," she said. "I have never feared for myself or thought of myself. Will my father be here to answer questions, and soon, soon, soon? That is the question."

"That is a question which you yourself may be called upon to answer—and very soon," he said.

He would say no more, in spite of her feverish importunity, impatient questionings.

"I have changed my mind, Juanita," he said presently. "I will not bore you with my company till I am free to answer your questions. The motive for my presence in this house is at an end."

"Is it? What has become of the suspicious characters my father talked about?"

"The danger has not come this way—as he feared it might."

"Danger!" she said. "Whether there is danger or not you are going to stay. I will not be played fast and loose with by any visitor. Mother likes to have you here, and baby likes you."

"Not so well as he likes Cuthbert Ramsay," retorted Theodore, with almost involuntary bitterness.

This time Juanita's blush was an obvious fact.

She walked away from her cousin indignantly.

"You may go or stay, as you please," she said; and he stayed to be a footstool under her feet if she liked—a target for her heart gnawed by jealousy, consumed by despair.

"It is useless—hopeless beyond the common measure of hopelessness," he told himself. "She never could love me in the past, and she will never care for me in the future. I am doomed to stand for ever upon the same dull plane of affectionate indifference. If I were dangerously ill she would nurse me; if I were in difficulties she would load me with benefits; if I were dead she would be sorry for me; but she is fonder of Ramsay, whom she has known half a dozen times in her life, than she will ever be of me."

Lord Cheriton returned to Dorsetshire on the following afternoon. He drove from Wareham to the Priory, and had a long tête-a-tête with Theodore, in the garden, before dinner.

"You have acted for my daughter throughout this miserable business," he said, when he had told all that was to be told about Mrs. Porter's seclusion at Cheshunt. "She has confided in you more completely even than in me poor child! and I have put her into your hands. You must plead to the daughter for the erring father, whose sin has exercised a fatalistic influence over his life. Win her forgiveness for me—win her pity for that most unhappy woman, if you can. It is a difficult task which I entrust to you, Theodore, but I believe in your power to move that generous heart to mercy."

"You may believe in my devotion to you both," said Theodore, as Lord Cheriton left the Priory without seeing his wife or his daughter, who had gone to dress for dinner just before his arrival, and who came to the drawing-room presently, expecting to find him there.

Theodore explained his hasty departure as best he might.

"Your father drove over to speak to me upon a matter of business," he said. "He was tired after his journey, and preferred going home to dine."

"He was not ill, I hope?" cried Lady Cheriton, with a look of alarm.

"No, there is nothing amiss with him, except fatigue."

Juanita looked at him intently, eager to question him, but the butler's entrance to announce dinner put an end to the talk. Theodore gave to his arm to her mother, and followed them both to the dining-room.

The meal was a mockery as far as two out of the three were concerned. Juanita was nervous and ill at ease, impatient of the lengthy ceremonial. Theodore eat hardly anything, and kept up a strange conversation with Lady Cheriton, talked about the grandchild's abnormal intelligence, and assured her in reply to her reproaches that he was suffering from an act ill, was not even looking ill, and that there was no reason for her to go back to the Chase that night, as she was disposed to do.

Juanita rose abruptly before the grapes and peaches had been taken round.

"Would you mind coming to my room at once, Theodore?" she said, "I want half-an-hour's talk with you about—business. You will excuse my leaving you, won't you, mother?"

"My child, I shall be glad to get half-an-hour in the nursery. Boyle tells me that little rascal is never so lively as just before he settles down for the night."

Lady Cheriton went off in one direction, Juanita and Theodore in the other.

The lamp was lighted in the study, on the table there were a few books told of the widow's studious solitude.

Theodore glanced at the titles of these neatly-arranged volumes saw that they were mostly upon scientific subjects.

"I did not know that you were fond of science, Juanita!" he said.

"I am not. I used to hate it. I am as ignorant as a baby. I don't believe I know any more about the moon than Juliet did when she accused it of inconstancy. Only when death comes to my age one ought to improve oneself. Godfrey will be asking me questions before I am much older—and when he wants to know whether the earth goes round the sun or the sun round the earth, I must be prepared to answer him."

She spoke rapidly, nervously, facing him in the soft clear lamp-light, with her hand upon the row of books, her eyes eager and questioning.

"You have seen my father, Theodore. Is the embargo removed?"

"Is it?"

"And you know who murdered my husband?"

"So far as the assassin's own confession is to be believed."

"He has confessed—he is in prison—he will be hanged," she cried, breathlessly.

"He has confessed—he is in prison—but is not in prison—and will not be hanged—at least I trust not, in God's mercy."

"You are full of pity for a murderer, Theodore, she cried bitterly. "Have you no pity for my husband? Is his death to go unpunished? Is his life—the life that might have been as happy as it was happy—is that to count for nothing?"

"It is to count for much, Juanita. Believe me, your husband's death avenged. His death was a sacrifice to a broken heart and a disordered brain. The hand that killed him is the hand of one who cannot be called to account—the hand of a mad woman."

"A woman!"

"Yes, a woman. The woman you have seen many a time as you passed in your carriage Cheriton Chase in your father's carriage by the west gate."

"Mrs. Porter?"

"Yes."

"Great God! why did she kill my husband?"

"Because she was unhappy—because she had suffered until sorrow had obscured her intellect, till her life had become one long thirst to do evil—one hatred of youth and beauty, and innocent gladness like yours. She saw you in your wedded happiness, and she thought of a happiness which was once her own day dream—the hope and dream of patient, self-denying years. She struck at you through your husband. She struck at your father through you."

"My father!" What was he to her—except a friend and benefactor?"

"He was once more than that to Evelyn Strangway."

"Strangway!" shrieked Juanita, clasping her hands. "Did I not tell you so from the first? It was the footstep of a Strangway that crept past our window, while we sat together in our happiness, without thought or fear of peril. It was a Strangway who killed my husband. You told me that they were all dead and gone—that the race was extinct—that the people I feared were phantoms. I told you it was a Strangway who fired that shot, and you see my instinct was truer than your reason—and there was a Strangway at our gates—disguised—using a false name—and he cut us with smooth, hypocritical smiles—hoarding up the venom of her wrath."

"Unhappily your instinct hit upon the fatal truth. The hatred of the Strangways was not dead. One member of that family survived, and cherished a more than common malignity against the race that had blotted out the old name."

"Put my father, how had he provoked her hatred?"

"He had once loved her, Juanita—many years ago—before he had ever seen your mother's face. Evelyn Strangway and he had been lovers—pledged to each other by a solemn promise. As a man of honor he should have kept that promise; there were stringent reasons that bound him to it. He saw your mother and loved her, and broke with Evelyn Strangway—openly, with no unmanly deceit; but still there was the broken promise—the act that involved a deep wrong. He believed that wrong forgiven. He believed the more in her pardon because it was her earnest desire to live unrecognized and unnoticed upon the estate where she was born. He could not fathom the depth of hatred in that warped nature. He did all that he could for her, but to do—having taken his own course and entered upon a new and fairer life with the woman he loved—he could make amends for the wrong he had deserted. He never suspected the depth of her feelings—he never suspected the seeds of madness, with its ever present dangers. He did what he thought was best for the sake of his youth; but that sin found him out, Juanita, and it was his bitter lot to see his beloved daughter the innocent victim of his wrong-doing. He trusted me to tell you this, Juanita. He humbles himself in the dust before you, striken at the thought of your suffering. He appeals through me to your love and to your pity. How am I to answer him when I answer for you?"

She was silent for some moments after he had asked this final question, her eyes fixed, her chest heaving with the stormy beating of her heart.

"What has become of this woman—this pitiless devil?" she gasped.

"She is in a madhouse."

"Is no punishment to overtake her? Is she not to be tried for her life? Let them prove her mad, or let them find her guilty, and hang her—hang her—hang her! Her life for his! Her worn out remnant of wretched, disappointed days, for his bright young life, with all its promise and all its hope!"

"It would be a poor revenge, Juanita, to take so poor a life. This unhappy woman is under restraint that will, in all probability, last till the day of her death. Her crime is known only to your father and to me. Were it to become known to others she would have to stand in the dock, and then the whole story would have to be told—the story of your father's broken promise—of this woman's youth, bound so closely with his that to many it would seem as if he had stood upon her shoulder at the bar. Do you think that the fierce rapture of revenge could ever atone to you for having dragged that shame upon your father's declining years, Juanita?"

"And my husband's death is to go unavenged?"

"Do you think there is no retribution in the slow agony of a shattered mind—the long blank days of old age in a lunatic asylum, the apathy of a mind extinguished intellect varied by flashes of bitter memory. God help and pity such a criminal, for her punishment must be heavier than man and quickly.

She seemed scarcely to hear him. She was walking up and down the room, her hands clenched, her brows contracted over the fixed eyes.

"I caught just one glimpse of her as we drove past; but that glimpse ought to have been enough for me.

"I can see her face as we passed the lodge, looking out at us from the parlor window, with the face of a fiend—the face of death—a pale vindictive face—yes, vindictive. I ought to have understood; I ought to have taken warning, and guarded my beloved one from her murderous hate."

"What am I to say to your father, Juanita? I ought not to leave him long in doubt. Think what it is for a father to humble himself before his daughter—to sue for forgiveness."

"Oh, but he must not do that. I have nothing to forgive. How could he think that there could be such diabolical malignity in any human breast. How could he think that the wrong done by him would be revenged upon that innocent head? Oh, if she had gone a nearer way to revenge herself—if she had killed me, rather than him. It is such bitterness to know that my love brought him unfaithful to her that he might have been here now, happy, with long years of honor and content before him if he had chosen my love instead of hers."

"It is hopeless to think of what might have been, Nita. Your husband was happy in your love—and he was unhappy in his hatred. Such a face is far better than the dull and slow decay which closes many a fortunate life—the inch by inch dissolution of a protracted old age—the gradual extinction of a mind once active and apathetic end. You must not talk as if your husband's death was the extremity of misfortune.

"It was—for me. Can I forget what it was to lose him? On, there is no use in talking of my loss. I wanted to avenge his death. I have lived for that—and I am cheated of even that poor comfort."

"What shall I say to your father?"

"Say that I will do nothing to injure him—or to distress my mother. I will remember that I am their daughter, as well as Godfrey's widow. Good night, Theodore. You have done your uttermost to help me. We cannot help it, either of us, if Fate was against us."

She gave him her hand, very cold, but with the firm grasp of friendship. The very touch of that hand told him he would never be more to her than a friend. Not so is a woman's hand given when the impassioned heart goes with it.

(To be Continued.)

Change of Heart.

First Female Suffragist—What? Do you mean to say Mrs. Da Sweet has resigned from the Woman's Rights Society, and says she has all the rights she wants?

Second Female Advocate—Just so.

F. F. A.—Mercy me! What has happened?

S. F. A.—I'm sure I don't know. Johnny Hax you seen Mrs. De Sweet lately?

Little Johnny—No, ma'am, but as I was passin' her house this mornin' I sawd a furniture wagon s.op and unload a cradle.

Nothing to Jamaica.

Imaginative traveler—Fine country, Egypt; but what a heat! One day, near the Pyramids, I cooked an egg in the sun.

Unabashed native—Oh, that's nothing to Jamaica. There we cook our eggs in the moonlight!

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(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
Sick Headache, &c.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Boy Musician.

He was a little fellow, only nine years old, and I was his music teacher. Dear little Karl, with his small, thin face and great brown eyes! He rarely joined the other boys at their games after school, but came instead up to my room to listen to my violin, and if I was tired, as I often was, for teaching music is tiresome work, he would sit on a low stool near the window, and pore over Ivanhoe, or, perhaps, The Tower of London; and sometimes the child would take his little violin, arch, standing before me, play the very saddest of his pieces, looking with his thin, peaked face and big eyes like some goblin-elf, weird and fantastic. The day of my pupils' annual concert was very near, and I was taking particular interest in the piece Karl was to play, for the child had a wonderful talent for music, and a rare and delicate touch, but up to this time I had not given him any classical selections. He had only played sweet melodious Italian arias, and I had hard work to make him give up their calm beauty for the more rugged but far, far more beautiful German music. We were now at work on one of Schumann's charming Kinderscenen, The Goblin. "But, Herr Linder," said Karl to me the first day I gave him a lesson in it, "but it is so dry, and there is no pretty melody in it, like the airs from Trovatore or Lucia. I know I can never play it; why, it's just like scales!" "Shall I tell you a story about it, Ka l?" I asked. "Oh! yes do!" replied the boy, "and then I'll think of the story and try and tell it to people on my violin," and the thin face sparkled and lighted up with sudden interest. "Well, Karl, once upon a time,"—to begin old-story fashion—"there was a great knight called the Brave Knight Rupert who lived with his fair young wife in a grim old castle on the Rhine. He was the terror of all the wicked witches and gnomes who dwelt in water-caves and dungeons beneath the many ruins and towers that stand on the banks of the fair old river. But soon after his marriage Knight Rupert was called to the wars, and he set out bidding his weeping young wife to keep good heart and not to fear spirits or gnomes, and to open her castle gates to no man until she should hear him sing a favorite rondo which she well knew; so, with many tears and many kisses, he went forth and his lady shut herself up in a high turret and watched her lord with his retinue depart for foreign lands. Under the castle walls, below the moat, in a deep, dark cave there dwelt a gnome. A fearful goblin was he, and many a fair dame and saucy maiden had he plunged with, into the silver waters of the Rhine; and there, it was said, he kept them despite themselves, for he charmed them so with his fairy music, that they forgot home and kin and cared for nought, and saw beauty in no one, save this grim and hideous gnome. And now he resolved to win the fair bride of the hated Knight Rupert, and bear her away to his water cave and sing to her in his beautiful voice, and charm her soul and senses from her with his wizard music. One dark night as the beautiful lady sat in her turret, she heard from the depths of the moat, a strange and curious sound. A deep rolling cadence of unearthly music ending in a shrill mocking note. Again it rose and fell—nearer and nearer it came. Now the cry grew wilder and more plaintive, and seemed to the affrighted lady to be outside her chamber door and whispering to herself "the gnome, the fearful gnome!" she shrank against the tapestry that lined the walls and listened breathlessly. And now arose a song, so beautiful, so plaintive, so divine, that the fair lady of Knight Rupert felt her very heart being drawn out of her body and her senses seemed about to leave her so powerful was the charm of that magic voice. Yet, hark! he grows impatient! hear that deep and angry note! he is not wont to be refused when he sings like that. Again! listen! Upon her ear falls the notes of her husband's rondo! "Open to me my love, my love!" sings the passionate voice. "'Tis he!" she cries, "'tis mine own knight!" and with one spring she flings wide her chamber door. Ach! Gott in Himmel! With a fierce "Ho! ho!" the goblin is upon her, catches her in his phantom arms and, leaping from the casement, they vanish into the deep, dark waters. More than two centuries had passed away, when one lovely moonlight night Schumann, the sweet German musician, was floating in his little boat down the silver Rhine and suddenly he heard, breaking the solemn stillness of the night, the most beautiful and wonderful music coming up from the depths of the great river, and he bethought himself of the old, old legend of the goblin and the lady. Enchanted, he waited and listened as wave on wave of entrancing melody was wafted to his ear, till at length the exquisite sounds died away among the hollow caves and long dried moats of ruined castles. On reaching home, he at once sat down at his instrument and tried to reproduce some of the beautiful phantom music, but all he could remember was the little Lied called The Goblin, which you are now learning, Karl, and there you have the whole legend—the gnome coming up with his chains clanking and his beautiful mocking cry. Then comes the sweet, seductive story, at the door of the lady's chamber; and, lastly, the wild "Ho! ho!" as they sink together beneath the waves.

From the day I told the story, a new spirit came into the boy. He worked too hard I almost thought, and yet it was such wonderful music, too, for one of his years, that I could not help a thrill of pride when I thought of my favorite pupil bearing off the great silver medal, which was the prize for the best violin solo. The day of the concert came at last. Little Karl was to play the seventh piece, and need I say that it was Schumann's Goblin! I went down and stood by his side. His small, thin face was white as death; but the great eyes were brilliant with excitement. "I will win the medal, Herr," he whispered to me, as I arranged the music on the stand. "Don't be nervous, Karl," I answered. "think of the story, and tell it on your violin. Now!" The boy began with the deep opening notes of the Lied. At first he was slightly nervous, but at the third or fourth bar, I saw a wild light break over his face, and, as I listened, I heard the legend of the Rhine told as no tongue could ever tell it. Now, with long-drawn sobbing notes, the exquisite music rose into the air and sank again with mocking cadence. And then came the last rush of the ascending scale until it ended in a wild shrill scream of triumph, and I seemed to see the goblin and his victim cleave the dark waters and disappear from view. Yes, I, the dry old professor, lost all sight of what was passing round me until I was recalled by the clapping of hands and the storm of applause which greeted us, as I walked with my young pupil to the judge's chair, there to receive the great silver medal, for little Karl had won! He knelt down, and the judge, a kind old man, shook himself a great musician, threw the silver cord over the boy's bowed head, saying "Rise my son and take with you the prize you have so brilliantly and fairly won." The boy did not move. I went forward hurriedly to raise him. He was dead. Ah little Karl! The child's heart had broken with joy. KIT.

How the Queen Gives a State Concert and Ball.

A gentle tap reminds us that it is half past nine; the guests will be arriving at ten. So if you would tread the crimson carpet of the grand staircase, and exchange a word with the Yeomen of the Guard—more familiarly known as beef-eaters, who have just marched from St. James' Palace, and are on duty to night—follow us.

The staircases and corridors are simply beds of flowers. These only came in this morning, many of them being hired from the "florists to Her Majesty," whilst not a few came from the royal gardens at Frogmore. They will all be taken away on the morrow. True, there are a few exotics and palms towering against the marble pillars and bronze balustrade, but the majority of them are homely plants—the simple marguerite, geranium, and golden calceolaria.

We hurry through the Fifty five room, so called because its walls are adorned with the pictures of notable personages and historical incidents all associated with that memorable period. What a neatly furnished apartment the Queen's household dining-room is! and we stay a moment to admire Frith's picture of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales and a masterpiece by Sir Frederick Leighton, hanging in the corridor leading to the concert-hall, from which adjoin the supper-rooms.

Two rooms are needed—one for substantial and the other for light refreshments. The tables, covered with white linen cloths, stretch round three sides of the room where the candles in the golden candelabra yet remain unlit. The gold plate of the State, worth several million pounds, is literally piled around the room, though with an eye to effect, a wonderful center-piece, having in the midst of it a magnificent gold flagon taken from the Spanish Armada, exactly faces where the Prince and Princess will stand and eat.

The crockery is all from the china closet of the Palace. Some of the plates are of white, with a delicate edging of gold and a crown in the center; the cups and saucers are of a similar pattern, stamped "V.R.I."; whilst other plates are in green and gold, exquisitely painted with flowers. The tea and coffee urn are of pure gold.

All the eatables have been made in the kitchens of the palace and there is a homely flavor about the goodly sized slices of rich plum cake and biscuits. The lump sugar looks as though it had been chipped from the identical loaf which supplied our own sugar basins. Little boxes of chocolate; *bon-bons* in every color of gelatine; hot-house peaches of such a size that three of them scarcely find room in their golden dish; pyramids built up of pines and grapes; apricots and strawberries are to be seen everywhere.

Just at the end of the room and between the two doors is a piece of ornamental work, which may, before the evening is out, prove beneficial to those of the company who are either faint or tired. It is a massive design in silver and gold by the late Prince Consort, and represents his favorite horse drinking by the side of a well. A couple of bottles of *Eau-de-Cologne* or lavender water—which is the Queen's favorite scent, by-the-bye—are poured in, when a fountain begins to play, and a rivulet of scent flows down over golden rocks, making a little pool in which ladies may dip their pocket handkerchiefs.

Now for the promised room around which so much curiosity has always been centered. Unless you are acquainted with the secret entrance to Her Majesty's robing room your presence would never be detected. That cheffonier against the wall contains the whole secret. This piece of furniture in reality hides the door and completely covers it up, the key is turned, and the cheffonier opens out with it.

It is a peep into fairy land. The room is delightfully perfumed, and being but dimly lighted—for the Prince and Princess, who will use this room to-night, have not yet arrived—its charm is the greater. Every picture is an enamel; the arm chairs, with their gilded supports, are of a pattern recalling the days when good King Arthur reigned; the cabinet is the choicest in the palace, and on a table in the corner rest a couple of bouquets composed of the rarest roses, and almost hidden beneath a wealth of maiden-hair fern.

But look at the far end of the room. It is a garden of fragrant flowers, with, to all appearance, the sunshine shining upon the blossoms. This beautiful effect is produced by a powerful electric light fixed above, but not seen. The background is of blue and white silk, pleated into a half-crescent.

The guests are arriving, though it wants an hour before the Royal party are expected. We, too, hurry away to the concert-room, and the sight of the band and chorus singers—for many have already taken up their places—prompts inquiry.

The Queen has her own private band, consisting of thirty-two members. These gentlemen receive a yearly salary, but when they are not wanted at Court, they are at liberty to play at concerts or give lessons. Their services are at the disposal of Her Majesty, who often has them at Windsor and Osborne, when all traveling expenses are paid. Ludwig Strauss is the principal violin.

They appear in a special uniform; swallow-tail coats, white waistcoats, knee-breeches, and black silk stockings. The collars of their coats are of Coburg blue, the same blue as worn at the Court of Coburg, though you will notice the conductor has a black velvet collar. A word about the conductor.

His real title is the Master of the Music, and it is interesting to note that amongst all the officers of Her Majesty's household there are only four masters—of the Buck hounds, the Horse, the Household and the Music. Mr. W. G. Cusins has held the position since 1870. He has the selection of the pieces to be played, and consults the artiste as to what they desire to sing. They usually suggest two or three pieces.

Then he must submit his programme to the Queen, who, when necessary, makes an alteration in pencil. Some of the pieces decided upon by Her Majesty have such rapid and elaborate movements for the violin that few men can finger all the notes. The Master of the Music must also forward to the Queen a dozen of the programmes when printed.

These programmes are exceedingly pretty, and are of three kinds: a plain sheet, with the coat of arms stamped in red, for the use of the choir and instrumentalists; a double sheet, fringed with lace, with the Royal arms and shield in gold, red, and blue, for those invited; whilst that used by Royalty is similar to the last described, only the lion is in gold and the unicorn in silver, and the two top corners have an impression of a lion and crown. The print ing is purple.

The band on these occasions is increased to sixty-five members; those not of the private band, together with the choir of about forty, all wear white waistcoats. All, with the exception of a few amateurs in the choir, are paid, an instrumentalist receiving just double the amount he would if playing at a concert at St. James' Hall.

The pay of the solo singers has undergone a change since the days of the great Mario, who never received more than twenty guineas for singing at a State concert. The fee now ranges from twenty-five to eighty guineas, the latter being paid to a prima donna in the foremost ranks. The solo artistes, together with the Master of the Music, sit down to supper at the conclusion of the concert, whilst the band and chorus sup in the steward's room.

Half past ten. In a quarter of an hour the Royal party will have arrived. Just glance round the room. Buckingham Palace did not always contain this splendid apartment. Years ago the concerts used to be given in the Bow Room, not large enough to hold all the guests, so they sat in the adjoining corridors and listened to the music. But the Prince Consort had this built, and himself designed the organ.

Its floor is composed of hundreds of squares of wood—oak, walnut, and mahogany. It is covered with crimson carpet to night, but on ball nights the beauty of the floor is seen. The sides of the room are of stamped crimson silk, relieved with white and gold panellings.

The windows are particularly noticeable, for few are aware that one side of the room has only imitation ones; but this cannot be detected at night. All the windows are of cut glass in the shape of huge stars, behind which are placed electric lights. Spaces are left behind those sheets of glass which are let into the wall in order to match the real windows opposite, and when the lights are lit behind it is impossible to distinguish the difference. Twenty one electric chandeliers are suspended from the roof, and four huge candelabra, each bearing twenty lights, are arranged on either side of the room.

On the raised dais at the far end the Royal Family will sit; the arm-chair and footstool are intended for the use of the Princess of Wales; the chairs behind are for the lords and ladies-in-waiting.

There is a sudden hush; everybody rises; the band plays God Save the Queen; the Princess leads the way, being bowed in by the great officers of State; the Royal Family take their seats; the Lord Chamberlain presents each in turn with a programme, and finally places the little velvet footstool in position for the Princess—the concert begins. There is no applause, though when the Princess is particularly pleased she beats her fan on her programme. The concert at an end, the whole of the National Anthem is then sung, and the Royal procession go into the supper room, followed by the company, who all stand round the tables.

A similar scene is enacted on the occasion of a State ball, though the National Anthem is played no fewer than four times then—when every loyalty enters or leaves a room; the dancing going on from eleven to two, with an interval at half-past twelve for supper.

There is a portion of the room especially reserved for the Royal family, on to which no other feet may wander, unless the Princes or Princesses desire to dance with any of the company, when the Lord Chamberlain is despatched to "command" the one so honored to follow him to the Royal space. No programmes whatever are used, and the ball always opens with a quadrille, danced in double sets of sixteen; indeed, there are more square dances in the course of the evening than any other, for the Prince is still fond of the dance, though he does not waltz so much as a few years ago. His Royal Highness was considered one of the best of partners for a waltz. All the Royal family are good dancers.

It should be mentioned that all of the work in connection with these great entertainments of State emanates from the office of the Lord Chamberlain. The invitations are sent out from thence—the list of which is always revised by the Queen—or, rather, they are barely invitations; rather commands to attend.

The elaborate card is not given up, and it is beyond a doubt that anybody properly dressed and of good bearing would have little difficulty in entering Buckingham Palace on these nights and mingling with the dancers or listening to the music in the corridors. No names are announced, whereas when Her Majesty gives a garden party the name of the one invited is called out four times.—*London Tid-Bits.*

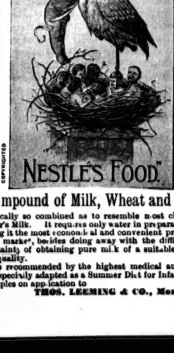
Disadvantages of Christianity.

Auntie—I suppose you are a good little Christian boy, Bobby, of course?

Bobby (dubiously)—Well, I don' know. Willie Waffles is a Christian boy and I wouldn't like to be like him.

Auntie—What's the matter with Willie?

Bobby—Every boy half his age in school can lick him.



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He—She has recently discovered that he is really a dissipated, unprincipled brute, and the fascination is too much for her.—*Life.*

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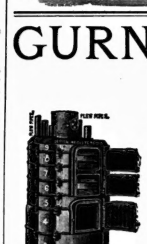

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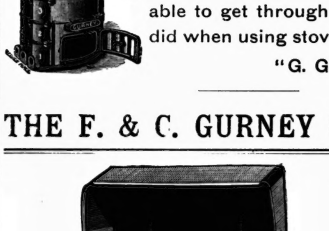

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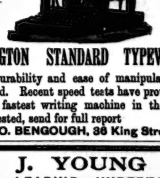

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Cynics.

The world is becoming very cynical, especially the world of society. Among the "plain people" there are yet many who retain to a touching degree a faith in human nature, and a disposition to take those about them at their face value until they learn something to the contrary. Very young people, as a rule, are also equally confiding, and apt to believe in the wisdom and goodness of their elders. But the tendency of cultivated humanity nowadays is decidedly towards a cynical view of life. The novels and poems which we read, the personal gossip of the journals, the current talk of the street and the drawing-room—all those influences which far more than schooling or sermons contribute to form our opinions, breathe an air of cynicism. We all, with perhaps a very few exceptions, still believe in virtue and morality—in the abstract. But judging from the tone of conversation which habitually prevails in many quarters, any real faith in the sincerity or good intentions of our fellows is almost a thing of the past. Does A give a thousand dollars to a church or a benevolent society?—of course it is to advertise his business, or to win applause, or from some other sordid motive. Or if B writes to the newspapers in favor of some needed reform, it is taken for granted that he is looking for municipal or political honors, or has some scheme to work for his personal benefit. C does a kindly act—relieves a distressed family, perhaps, and goes on his way without saying anything about it. "Ah," says the cynic, "just like him, that's his cunning. Oh, he's a deep one, he is. He knew it was bound to get out, and that he'd get the credit of it." It is a censorious age, and nobody need expect, no matter how unselfish his motives, to have any other than a self-seeking purpose attributed to his action. No doubt the spread of education and the freedom of the press, which not merely unsparingly exposes men's actions, but seeks to disclose the hidden springs of motive are responsible for the cynical temper which so largely prevails. Formerly the public took everything on trust—accepted men and institutions blindly instead of weighing their merits. Now, the swing of the pendulum has gone to the other extreme and keen and vigilant criticism of everything has bred a spirit which believes in nothing and nobody. Much of the cynicism of the day is evidently affected. It is a fashion rather than a conviction—and is often belied by the conduct of its professors. Frequently men who sneer at morality and scout philanthropy and concern for the welfare of others as weakness, are personally exemplary in their lives and ready to do a kind action when opportunity offers. By a curious kind of inverted hypocrisy many profess themselves cynics and disclaim anything but self-interested motives who are, nevertheless, fairly generous and good-hearted in their social relations.

Have an Aim in Life.

Every young man and woman before going out into the world should have a well-defined aim in view—a set purpose and plan of existence by which to regulate their course. Half the shipwrecked and ruined lives, the mistakes and failures, are due to the careless, hand-to-mouth way of living of those who are content if they can get along fairly comfortably from day to day and leave the future to take care of itself. The successful men, whether in the walks of business or public affairs or scientific accomplishment, are for the most part the men of fixed purpose who for years have had an ideal before them which they have diligently striven to attain. Those whose policy it is to emulate Micawber and "wait for something to turn up" usually wait in vain. Chances for fame and fortune do turn up very unexpectedly sometimes of course, but the easy-going, shiftless people seldom seize the opportunity when it presents itself. It is the alert, quick-witted man who depends least upon such unlooked for turns in the wheel of fortune, who is usually the most prompt to realize them should they appear. A good deal of fun has been made at the alleged ambition cherished by every clever American boy to be President before he dies, but the fault is on the right side. It is far better even to be controlled by a wild ambition of this kind, so long as it does not seek gratification by dishonorable means, than to sink into apathy under the firm conviction that you can never be anybody or accomplish anything. A high and noble purpose in life, though it never approaches realization, is a great safeguard against the temptations which beset young people. The youth who means to write the great book, to lead "the party of the future," to immortalize his name by the discovery of some great scientific truth is far less likely to fall into vicious courses than the ordinary run of young men who care merely for present enjoyment. Even the object of amassing wealth though not of itself by any means a lofty one, is better than no purpose at all. It at least serves to quicken and stimulate the intellectual faculties, and to encourage self-denial and application. It is very rarely that a man without a purpose accomplishes anything for himself or others. He lacks the incentive which springs from ambition—and in the keenness of the struggle for existence is crowded to the wall by competitors originally, perhaps, no stronger or abler than himself, but nerved to more strenuous efforts by the goal kept steadily in view.

Music

In the dog days we have no music, except that of the bands at the Island and in the parks, and consequently there is little current music to speak of. All who have heard the music of the bands will have noticed the immense improvement in their playing over their performances of last year. Our City Council, though not usually imbued with a very strong sense of the artistic, have done music a considerable service in arranging for these park concerts, besides affording a delightful recreation for the masses. The wisdom of giving some of these programmes in the afternoon is proved by the smiles of happiness and content to be seen on the weary and drawn faces of the mothers, and by the pleased and happy gambols of the little ones. In many cases the half holiday is enjoyed by the father of the family as well, who might otherwise be spending both time and money in much more questionable manner.

*

The benefit of the cause of music is not inconsiderable, for if the newspapers are conned, it will be seen that many of these bands find their principal occupation in playing at these free concerts. In their cases there is these concerts a reason for continuous practice during the summer months, and more than this, there is a healthy and wholesome stimulant to emulation which will soon result in a degree of excellence in our bands that will be as pleasing to the citizens at large as it will be creditable to the bandsmen. We are perhaps a little too much given to belittling the artistic impulses of our city fathers, but I can assure my readers that when less than two years ago the great city of Boston—the hub of intellectuality and æstheticism in the western hemisphere—voted $3,000 for a season's public band playing, the papers of that city patted each other upon the back and, like Little Jack Horner in the nursery rhyme, said: "What a good city are we!"

*

The ambitious city of Buffalo, which has just completed a census enumerating 255,000 souls within its limits, has one solitary band playing semi-occasionally in its one great park. This being the case, we in Toronto may reasonably be proud of the public spirit which gives us free and good music at least three evenings in the week. While many of the bands thus playing give us such good music, it is but just to particularize the fine playing of the Queen's Own Band at the Island under Mr. Bayley, although this is the result of private enterprise. Still every one who chooses to go to the sand bar and expose himself to the grinding vulgarities of the fakirs there may hear the band with the same freedom he would exercise in paying a street car fare to hear a band in a distant park, so that practically its concerts are free and public.

*

All this is still further evidence of the fact that Toronto is becoming the musical center of the Dominion. In addition to this, I find on enquiry that a number of professional people from outside points are spending the summer in the city, and gathering knowledge in their departments of labor. The Conservatory and College as well as the private teachers who remain in town report very satisfactory attendance at the summer term, and the students speak in warm terms of the benefits they are experiencing. This sort of thing will grow, and it will not be long before the best work done in Toronto to advance the cause of music in the Province, will be done in the summer season, because those who study then are ripe and anxious to learn, and come here charged with an enthusiasm which will inspire even the tired teachers.

*

The season next year will be a brilliant one. It is dawning on our managers that music and comic opera are the loadstones that will draw the masses into the theaters and music halls. In New York to-day there are five comic operas running, while only two theaters are devoted to dramatic subjects. So it will be here. Our own societies are girding their loins for the fray, and I am betraying no secret when I say that their work will during the coming winter surpass all their previous efforts. We want one or two additions to the roster. We want an energetic and capable amateur operatic society. For this we have already the machinery and the talent in the Harmony Club, from which we may expect good things this season, since its really creditable and encouraging effort last winter in the Pirates of Penzance. All it wants is for its committee to push in good earnest, and combine the three essentials: a good opera, a live conductor, and an irrepressible stage manager. Some of these factors are on hand; the others must be secured. Another want is men's choruses. There is so much beautiful music written for such voices that is practically a sealed book to us Torontonians, and that only needs a body of performers to make it the most enjoyable and popular branch of musical endeavor that can be placed before the public. A little energy in this direction would produce the most charming, as well as the most successful results.

*

The new Academy of Music is roofed in, and will be opened, according to present calculations, by the first of October. Many suggestions that have been made since the building was started have been adopted in the hope of making the place unquestionably attractive, and this has somewhat retarded the work. Mr. Thompson has finally decided on a seating capacity of 1500 opera chairs, 19 and 20 inches wide, ensuring comfortable seats, and making each seat "the best in the house." Numerous musical combinations have been engaged, as well as a fine exhibition of paintings from New York, Paris, Spain, as well as Canadian works of art.

METRONOME.

Youthful Sympathy.

Robby (in an audible whisper)—Mamma! Mamma—Well, dear!

Robby—Why don't his mother get him a rubber ring to bite on instead of making him cut his teeth on that hard, bone-handled cane?

The Drama.

Though there is little in these days of blazing sun and sultry atmosphere to tempt one's thoughts in the direction of things theatrical, nevertheless preparations for the approaching season are being pushed on by enterprising managers with a vigor utterly incompatible with the present standing of the elusive quicksilver. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, of the Grand opera house, who for some time past has been taking life easy in rural solitudes, dreaming of triumphs and big runs yet to be, and occasionally pursuing "the finny tribe that dwell in pools as the fisher knows right well," with such success as he alone can properly narrate, has returned to town and is busily engaged in attending to the fitting up of his theater for the opening which is now not far distant. The history of Toronto's theaters for many years past embraces some of the most illustrious names in modern theatrical annals. This indicates that the Toronto public has always been well catered to in this line, and also that it has been able to fully appreciate the highest forms of dramatic art. With the growth of the city we may expect a larger influx of the best companies on the road, and there is little doubt that the coming season will be one of the most brilliant Toronto has yet seen. The Grand Opera House will stay with its old reputation in dramatic exhibitions and probably go it one better, while our musical friends will find a more suitable place than they have yet had to enjoy their favorite art in the new music hall on King street. It will be under the management of Mr. Percival T. Greene, and within its walls will doubtless be heard during the coming winter many of the finest musical attractions America can furnish.

*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new play of Phyllis is a failure.

*

Maurice B. Pike is Rose Coghlan's comedian and new stage manager.

*

Christine Nilsson has recovered from her recent illness, but has become deaf.

*

Newton Beers' great spectacular representation Enoch Arden failed in Chicago last week.

*

Gilbert & Sullivan are at work upon a new comic opera dealing with sixteenth century "fads."

*

Charles A. Watkins, Ada Gray's husband and manager, is said to be slowly dying in a hospital.

*

Handsome Gladys Rankin, daughter of McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard, was recently married to Sydney Drew.

*

The story which has been going the rounds of the press relating to Mary Anderson's insanity proves to be a "fake."

*

The London Gaiety Company in "Faust Up to Date," has been engaged by Henry E. Abbey to fill Mary Anderson's time in New York.

*

Perrugini has been engaged by Henry E. Abbey to sing Romeo to Patti's Juliet. Perrugini is an old Toronto boy who was known here as John Chatterson.

*

Shakespeare's Tempest has been presented as a grand ballet at the Paris Opera House with marked success, owing to its wonderful scenic and mechanical effects.

*

Among the grandmothers now on the stage are Modjeska, Sara Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Lydia Thompson, Mrs. John Drew, Rose Eytinge, Louise Eldridge and Mrs. W. J. Florence.

*

Theatrical business has become so bad in Paris, owing to the attractiveness of the Exposition, that the managers have reduced the prices of seats in the hope of thereby increasing their patronage.

*

In a small theater at the close of the act the curtain did not drop the whole length but remained suspended half way. Stretched out on the stage lay a solitary dead man. As all endeavors to lower the curtain failed, the "corpse" at length got up, said in sepulchral tones, "No rest even in the grave!" and went and dragged the curtain to the floor.

*

Stephen Kemble used to relate how he once played to an audience of one. The house for the night was taken by a sailor who had just come into port with plenty of money, and for it he paid the sum of £30 with the express stipulation that nobody but himself should be present. He also insisted that the play should be Henry the Fourth. "Let me have the old boy with the round forecastle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galoon in a heavy sea. Give me Sir John Falstaff." The performance passed off very satisfactorily. The sailor dictated what music should be played for the overture, sat through the play, cheering vociferously at Sir John, and went away highly satisfied without waiting for the afterpiece.

*

A writer in the *Theater* writes of Letty Lind the English dancer as follows: "At no time had I conceived the delight of watching the movements of a dancuse attired so as to veil her Circean charms. Besides, had I not seen Bonfanti, in that superficial skin lustrous from a bath of garden-dew, with hair that shone like a tiara crusted with chrisolites, defying modesty on tip-toe. But Letty Lind served me with none of these gimcracks of distraction.

It was in truth, with the air of one who is about to relish an intercourse with grace and all the other properties beautiful and occult in Art, that I entered a certain theatre for the express time to look at Letty Lind—sweet *Fleur de Lis*.

In a ballet may be defined art, poetry, and prayer even, by symbols that enable us to cast aside the flesh like some well-worn garment. True, that I had frequently enjoyed these expressions of ideal delicacies, but, heretofore, had they not come undressed and with a smack of shamelessness? It was then as if someone had redecked the waxen virgin in a chapel in which things consecrated had been stripped when Letty Lind pirouetted for us in her skirts as light as summer clouds; others had danced under the necessity of a license, that which permits a barbarous display of limb and wantonness silk-deep. In Letty Lind my Phryne, now buried like some favorite perfume of old, has become a sprightly Vesta.

Clergymen, with their wonted orthodox method of bewildering individuals that prefer theaters to churches, have repeated their unauthorized condemnation of the muslin saucer to greet at last the innovation of Letty Lind. Leo and Huxley may now be seated in the same stall, Talmage and McGlynn, Capel and Ingersoll.

Letty Lind, for those of our readers that are at sea as to the achievements that justify so florid an account of her ability, is the young woman that, during the engagements of George Edwardes' Burlesque Company in this country, introduced the idea of dancing in skirts. She was at one time a member of Charles Wyndham's Company. Refined, graceful, unaffected and lovable, she will always find a haven wherever she may be.

Wanted to See Joseph's Wife.

The humors of a Lancashire audience were recently exemplified at the meeting which Mr. Chamberlain addressed at Bacup. Mr. Chamberlain was accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, and much interest was of course taken in the American bride. Every one of the speakers who preceded Mr. Chamberlain referred to Mrs. Chamberlain's presence, and expressed the belief that her coming to England was evidence of the growing attachment between the peoples of that country and America. Sir Joseph Lee was proceeding in this strain of homage to Mrs. Chamberlain, when he was interrupted by a man with a dialect at the back of the hall who inquired, "Which is her?" The question was pertinent, because there were a number of ladies on the platform, and the audience were anxious to identify the one who had been the object of so much compliment. The homely but independent manner in which it was propounded, however, caused much amusement. Mrs. Chamberlain herself appreciated the joke, and, at Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, she rose and bowed her acknowledgments.

He Formerly Preached In Cuba.

Western Preacher (who is being pelted with pears, apples and oranges by the cowboys)—Hold on, this is getting suggestiveness. Hit me with a banana or two for a change.

All She Asked of Him.

"And you say you would die for me, George?

"Die for you? Yes, a thousand deaths!"

"You are a noble man, George."

"My darling, you don't know me yet."

"Well, dearest, I do not wish you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

"What is it, my darling? Shall I pluck the stars from the cerulean dome? Shall I say to the sea, 'Ha, ha! cease to flow, for my love wills it'? Shall I tell you bright and inconstant moon that is glinting the hill-tops with her light that she must not shine on thy face too roughly? Ha!"

"No, George, no," she smilingly said. "I do not wish you to attempt such impossibilities. All I ask of you is this—"

"Yes, my darling."

"All I ask of you is this—don't call here again!"

Knocked Out.

"There were two men got in a fight in front of the store to-day," said one of Austin's foremost merchants at supper, "and I tell you it looked pretty tough for one of them. The bigger one of the two grabbed a cart-stake and drew it back. I thought sure he was going to knock the other's brains out, and jumped in between them."

The family had listened with wrapt attention and as the head paused in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidences of a dawning humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.—*Texas Siftings.*

An Australian Courtship.

"How did you manage to win her affections so quickly, Dan? The recipe's worth knowing."

"Oh, that was simple enough," replied he. "The first night that I arrived at the lodging house in Auckland I found myself sitting next to a young woman at supper, who I soon found was one of the newly-arrived emigrants. I looked her over, and saw she was a round, strong, cheery-looking lass, with a laughing face, and thought she'd do. I didn't know how to go foolin' around her as I am certain you would have done, sir; no offence to you,) but just spoke a word or two with her, and when out in the passage gave her a squeeze and a kiss. Says she, 'How dare you?'

"Says I, 'I want to marry you, my dear.'

"'Marry me!' cries she, laughing; 'why, I don't know you.'

"'No more do I you, my dear,' says I, 'so that makes it all fair and equal.'

"She didn't know how to put a clapper on that, so she only laughed, and said she couldn't think of it.

"'Not think of it,' says I, artful like, 'not when you have come all these thousands of miles for the purpose?'

"'What do you mean?' says she, staring.

"'Come now,' says I, 'don't tell me. I know what's what. When a man immigrationizes it's to get work; when a woman immigrationizes it's to get married. You may as well do it at or co.'

"Well, she giggled a bit, and we were spliced two days afterwards."

A Hen-Pecked Man.

Mrs. Manly (to visitor)—It is an outrage the way people talk. Everybody says that I bulldose my husband so that he is afraid to say that his soul is his own. It's an infamous lie. Just ask my husband himself. Charles, my dear, come here!

Charles (in the next room)—I haven't got time right now, my dear.

"Are you coming, Charles, or are you not?"

"I'm coming, Matilda, as fast as I can."

An Equivocal Compliment.

Biggs—Did you notice, Driggs, what the *Howler* said of my last speech?

Driggs—No, what was it?

"Why, that in it I showed myself a Samson of debate."

"H-m-m, I see. Samson was the fellow who slew his enemies with the jaw-bone of an ass."

After Some Years.

Mrs. Footlights—See here, Garrick, you will have to try to make a living for yourself. I can no longer support you on my salary.

Mr. Footlights (dolefully)—Ah, if the good old days were only back again, when you made five hundred dollars a month as a child actress.

Bright Prospects.

Visiting Friend—How are you and your husband coming on?

Mrs. Hopeful—O, he is a model husband! There is no species of vice from which he has not sworn off several times. I feel very much encouraged.

On Diverse Strings

The Beautiful Land of the Dead.

For Saturday Night.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps,
And the palace where royalty dines,
Down over the cradle where infancy sleeps,
And up where strong statesmanship shines;
There closely impinges a "garden of loves,"
Where never a tear-drop is shed,
And the flowers ever bloom mid the cooing of doves—
'Tis the land of the sanctified dead.

The people who dwell in that land of delight,
Mid its music, and sunshine, and mirth,
Are the ones who were true unto God and the right
In the warfare of sorrowful earth;
And each as they come—in His favor restored—
To fountains of gladness are led,
And live in the light of the smile of the Lord,
In the beautiful land of the dead.

In vision, the rapt "son of Iddo, the Seer"
Saw the streets of "the City of Truth,"
And all the fair pavements translucent appear
As the play-ground of beautiful youth:
The children are there, with their laughter and song,"
Not a charm that enrobed them hath fled,
But fairer, and sweeter, and brighter, they throng
In the land of the glorified dead.

Every pulse-throb of mine, there's a heart beating less
A spirit that panted for peace
And pined to be free from the pains that oppress,
Hath found an eternal release.
And we, by the grace of our Master, shall come
Where the Palms of Eternity spread,
And join the immortal ones safely at home
In the "Beautiful Land of the Dead."

The Elms, Toronto. L. A. MORRISON.

The Minister's Daughter.

In the Minister's morning sermon,
He told of the primal fall,
And how henceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to eternal torture,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never, by Faith's unreason,
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And after the painful service,
On that pleasant, bright first day,
He walked with his little daughter
Thro' the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchard hung.

Around, on the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord, who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples,
And the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord."

Then upspake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink,
"Oh, father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There had never been a fall,
And if never a tree had blossomed,
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By His decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He does all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too;
But I wish he were kind and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
As the tremulous lips of pain,
And wide, wet eyes uplifted,
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
The words of his little one.
Had he erred in his life-long teachings,
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the holiest name?
I id his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

An'lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror,
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,
The dread, ineffable glory
Was infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the message of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Romance of a Button.

He was about to say adieu,
Was thinking of some word to flatter,
When from his overcoat there flew
A button with a dismal clatter.

He blushed, but she with woman's tact,
As if she saw a good joke in it,
Cried, laughingly, "There! now, I'll not
Your tailor's part for just a minute."

He doffed the coat and watched her thread
The needle with her lovely hand,
"Now, do you know," he softly said,
"I have an awful lot of mending!

"A bachelor, we'll say, like me,
Is at the mercy of his tailor.
And then there's something else, you see
(At this he turned a trifle paler).

"M' heart needs mending much, I fear;
Do you suppose that you could do it?"
"Well, I don't know," she mused, "but, dear,
I'll give my whole attention to it."

Noted People.

P. T. Barnum is going to take his entire show across the water to exhibit in London the greatest show on earth.

A publishing house in London has offered William E. Gladstone a large sum if he will write a political romance. He has declined the offer.

Ruskin has presented the Cork High School for Girls with a case of rare and costly minerals, stones and gems, and also with eighteen of his original drawings to the Stones of Venice.

It is said that the Princess Louise of Wales, married to Lord Fife a week ago, is beginning to suffer from deafness—the infirmity with which her mother has long been afflicted.

Mrs. Spurgeon, the wife of the noted Baptist preacher, is a confirmed invalid, and has been for many years. Yet she is the founder of two important charities in London, the book fund and the pastors' aid fund.

The Queen of Roumania has just written a play which is to be translated into English. It deals cleverly with a national subject, which is treated in a half romantic, half allegorical manner.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has few companions at Farnborough, and those have accepted the melancholy austerities of her life. Her establishment is modest; the stables contain but a small number of horses, including the ponies she drives herself; four or five carriages stand in the coach house with the imperial escutcheon and crown emblazoned on the panels.

Marshal MacMahon, now in his 81st year, is as fresh as a boy and has never had yet from a natural cause a day's illness in his life. All the experience of illness that he has had arose from wounds. His complection retains its freshness and he has still a noble erect carriage. The Marshal in speaking of his health, said: "I owe it to my Irish blood. The Irish are the hardiest people on the face of the earth."

The roll of years is beginning to tell on Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the famous story writer. She is now 72 years of age, and although still bright and active, requires constant attention, owing to defective eyesight. The authoress lives in Yonkers, at the home of her son, who has a lucrative medical practice. Her regular yearly income is $10,000, and with this and the royalties on her many books, she is able to live comfortably.

Mrs. Alma-Tadema, it is said, took the palm at the recent drawing-room in the art and science of the devising of a really novel and beautiful court gown. Her dress was a golden color, with Empire features, the petticoat of white crepe de chene embroidered most exquisitely. Instead of the usual jeweled ornaments she wore a wonderful necklace of fine gold, many yards in length, wound round and round her fair throat.

A writer, just now sojourning in Tarrytown, gives a passing tribute to its well known poetess: "'Two ladies glided along the shaded street toward me. The elder was a slender woman in black. At her side walked a lily-like girl with short blonde curls, and a marvellous complexion shaded by a poke bonnet. She was dressed in white, a string of pearls encircled her throat. After they had passed a workman said in answer to my inquiry, 'That is Minna Irving and her mother.'"

In a recent article on the Empress Dowager of China, the London *Spectator* spoke of the Empress as "a lady probably with crippled feet." This was a misapprehension. The Mantchus, of which race comes the reigning dynasty of China, do not cripple the feet of their women; therefore, the ladies of the Imperial family are not, and never have been, subject to this degrading and demoralizing practice. It is the Chinese proper, the subject and not the conquering race, who torture and maim their women.

The rumor that at one time it was intended that the Princess Louise of Wales should marry the Duke of Portland has only a slight leaven of truth in it. The young duke was, of course, one of the best *parts* in Europe, and a man whom the Princess of Wales would gladly have welcomed as a son-in-law! but when His Grace was sounded on the matter more than a year ago, he very plainly and decidedly expressed his opinion that a man should follow his own heart in matters matrimonial, and furthermore, that he personally had no intention of aspiring to the hand of a Princess of the blood.

No one can accuse the Swedish Princes of conforming too scrupulously to the etiquette that is supposed to hedge in the actions of Royalties. It seems only the other day that Prince Oscar married his sister-in-law's maid of honor, at Bournemouth, and now comes the news that his brother, Prince Eugene, the genius of the family, who for some time has been throwing himself, heart and soul, into the study of painting, has just become engaged to Her Royal Highness the Princess Kalukani of Hayti. The Princess, who, although a rather dark brunette, is a woman of singular beauty, most attractive manners, and considerable intellectual power, is at present in Paris, where she made the acquaintance of Prince Eugene.

I was recently sitting in Mark Twain's home in Hartford, says a writer in the New York *Graphic*, waiting for the humorist to return from his daily walk. Suddenly sounds of devotional singing came in through the open window from the direction of the outer conservatory. The singing was low, yet the sad tremor in the voice seemed to give it special carrying power. "You have quite a devotional domestic," I said to a member of the family who came in shortly afterward. "That is not a domestic who is singing," was the answer. "Step to this window and look in the conservatory and see for yourself." I did so: There, sitting alone on one of the rustic benches in the flower house, was a small, elderly lady. Keeping time with the first finger of her right hand, as if with a baton, she was slightly swaying her frail body as she sang, softly yet sweetly, Charles Wesley's hymn, Jesus Lover of My Soul, and Sarah Flower Adams' Nearer, My God, to Thee. But the singer was not a domestic. It was Harriet Beecher Stowe! There sat the once brilliant authoress like a child crooning a favorite air.

To the Woods.

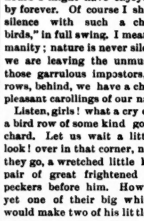
"It was the time when water-lilies blow
And clouds are highest up in air."

So high there is not one visible—even that proverbial one the breadth of a man's hand—to temper for us the hot rays of this August sun. I fancy before it is ten o'clock mesdemoiselles, you will be very grateful to me for having coaxed you to set out upon our quest while still the early morning was

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

What a quaint look of strangeness our friends' houses—smokeless, silent, and be-shuttered—take on as we pass along the deserted streets where our footfalls make the only echoes. I never find myself out in the clear still light, the fragrant silence of early morning, that I do not feel with a pang the sudden consciousness of all the delightful hours I might have enjoyed, but have let go by forever. Of course I should not have said silence with such a chorus of "leaf-bid birds," in full swing. I meant the silence of humanity; nature is never silent; and now that we are leaving the unmusical twitterings of those garrulous impostors, the English sparrows, behind, we have a chance to enjoy the pleasant carollings of our native singers.

Listen, girls! what a cry of distress! There's a bird row of some kind going on in that orchard. Let us walk a little and see. Look! look! over in that corner, near the barn—there they go, a wretched little king bird driving a pair of great frightened red-crested woodpeckers before him. How they scream—and yet one of their big white and black bodies would make two of his little brown one. See now he flirts that white-barred tail of his in vainglorious triumph; you'd think he felt he had a prescriptive right to the fruits of civilization and looked upon these forest birds as poachers. But it is simply a matter of pugnacity on his part. I have seen him chase many another bird, even the kingfisher, and he certainly could not want the fish. What quantities of hare-bells there are about here! And did you ever see anything more beautifully blue! Don't let us gather them, however, till we are coming back. We have quite a long row before us, and they will be just so much the fresher to take home. How beautiful the river looks from here!—like a silver ribbon thrown over the land's soft green, and with just a hint of mist yet lying on its still waters. Now then, "All aboard!" Who takes bow oars? Take care, there. Oh! to gather those flowers. Yes, are not they pretty? Arrowheads, you know; with their spikes of ivory white flowers gleaming among the tall, bright leaves, from whose shape they take their name. Not so long ago this plant was considered a sure cure for hydrophobia.


HARSBELL.

What a number of yellow pond-lilies. Ugly! Oh, how can you say so? As they lie there on their widespreading, shining leaves, with a background of tall rushes, they look like balls of gold, and when you examine them closely, see how exquisitely they are clouded with a deep, rich maroon color. Widely different as they seem from their many-petalled white cousins the variance is only apparent; the many-petals are here, all these insignificant little square topped things enclosed within the four great yellow sepals.

There are, however, very beautiful yellow water lilies of just the shape and size of our white ones, growing profusely about Jacksonville in Florida. Indeed, a southern lady told me they are to be found all through not only Florida, but most of the Southern States, even as far north as the Delaware River in Maryland. They looked wonderfully gorgeous amongst that luxuriant southern vegetation, but they had not for me half the charm of our own exquisite

ARROWHEAD.

"River queen,
Crowning the depths as with the light serene,
Of a pure heart."

I have seen the lovely pink-tinted ones that grow in Muskoka, but I suppose they are the same as those about Cape Cod and Falmouth in Massachusetts. You can't imagine anything lovelier; sometimes the deep rose color almost verges on crimson.

No; they are not exactly the same as the Egyptian Lotus though very nearly related, the latter being a Nelumbo, and ours a Nymphæa—a name it owes to the old Greeks, who dedicated it to the water-nymphs. The water nymphs and their worshippers are gone for many and many a century, while the lilies float as serenely on the streams of Thessaly as they did two thousand years ago.

But the Lotus of the Nile blooms no longer on the Sacred River. The great white Nymphæa grows freely on it and all its tributaries; but though the mystic flower that once crowned the priestesses of Isis, is to be found in China and Japan, in India, in Australia, in the Malayan Archipelago—has even shown a willingness to find a home on our American waters—the land where it was old before the pyramids were thought of, knows it no more. And what a charm a landscape loses in its loss. The many-petalled, rose-flushed beautiful blossoms, many measuring ten inches across, that reared their proud heads often six or eight feet above the surface of the water, and the great leaves as big as four of ours, that looked like bowls of bronze lined with emerald. Do you wonder men should have held them sacred to their gods?

Hush! we have startled that kingfisher. How pretty he looks as he sweeps low over the shadowed water, the burnished blue and black of his body just revealed as he passes through the bars of sunlight. There, did you see the flash of his white breast as he turned into the thicket? It is very, very pleasant here under these overhanging boughs, but we must not wait; the spot I told you of is just beyond that bend, a few more strokes will bring us to

"Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved sun's awake."

Look! girls, look; did I promise you too much? And see, down through the water, the number of closed buds slowly growing up to take the place of these.

But let us hurry and gather them, for we have a long row back, and *entre nous*, that handful of crackers was far from satisfactory, and I, for one, am very hungry. D. B.

Bass Lake (Muskoka).

For Saturday Night.

Locked by its steeps fir-crowned
Within the country of the north, there lies
A heron-haunted lake, where seldom sound
Disturbs the virgin air, save when the sighs
Of gentle pine trees breathe their wind-taught song
Throughout the hours, in cadence lore and long.

Their chanting floats and falls
Soft as the murmurs purling in a shell
That sings of far-off seas—whose cup enthralls
The voice of many deeps where waters swell
To everlasting song, and evermore
An echo pearl enclosed repeats it o'er.

Among these wilds treads not
The foot of fashion, all the littleness
Of social living dies away forgot,
And scorned by him who seeks this wilderness
For majesty that lies so far beyond
The pale of culture, and its trivial bond.

Upon this rugged shore
The camper's red log-fire is aglow,
He, who so treasures wood and water lore,
While fortune's could not purchase nor bestow
The purity with which the night endows
His sleep upon his bed of cedar boughs.

No rose-leaf couch in his,
He spurns the so-called culture that refines
Field blossoms to exotics—sweeter is
The fragrance of those mights forest pines,
The littleness of language seems the flower,
The fire are silence, grandeur, soul and power.

Their pulses never die
Thro' wide-eyed day or drowsy-lidded night,
When lonely herons flying lakeward cry,
And some far loon laughs answer in her flight,
O! Northern waters where the muses sing
Of poesy—the poet here is king.

E. FAULINE JOHNSON.

Time, "the living present." Persons, Miss Maud Lovell and Mr. Harry Spooner, in the latter's canoe, half a-mile or so from shore. Maud is full of carefully concealed fears of a spill: Harry, of perfectly potent adoration of her.

Maud (apprehensively)—Have you ever been capsized?

Harry (without reflection)—Oh, yes; lots of times. (Bethinking himself.) That is, I mean never; or, at least, not when I had passengers.

Maud—Didn't you say just now that this is the first time you've asked any one to go out with you?

Harry (heedlessly ardent)—Indeed, yes! I always preferred being alone until—until now.

Maud (adhering to the point)—Then you have never had any passengers!

Harry—N-No.

Maud (in a Q. E. D. tone)—Ah, I thought so!

Harry (thinking opportunity favorable)—What need you fear when with me—when with one who would gladly give his life—

Maud (aside)—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear! He's going to speak! And, of all places in the world, in this horrid, wobbling thing, that the least lurch may turn bottom side up! One might as well make a declaration on a tight rope over Niagara Falls!

Harry—I fear you think me presumptuous—

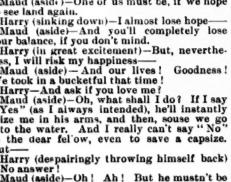
Maud (aside)—No, not at all; but so dreadfully fidgety! Why can't he propose quietly? Every time he clasps his hands in that agonized way, we only just miss going over!

Harry—But if you knew my sufferings!

Maud (aside)—And if you knew mine! Oh, how he makes us rock when he sighs!

Harry (crowing desperately)—And you sit there—

Maud (aside)—It's all I can do, though, when you bounce about so!



Harry (wildly)—Calm, cool, unconcerned—

Maud (aside)—Any thing out that.

Harry—Motionless—

Maud (aside)—One of us must be, if we hope to see land again.

Harry (sinking down)—I almost lose hope—

Maud (aside)—And you'll completely lose your balance, if you don't mind.

Harry (in great excitement)—But, nevertheless, I will risk my happiness—

Maud (aside)—And our lives! Goodness! We took in a bucketful that time!

Harry—And ask if you love me!

Maud (aside)—Oh, what shall I do? If I say "Yes" (as I always intended), he'll instantly seize me in his arms, and then, souse we go into the water. And I really can't say "No" to the dear fellow, even to save a capsize. But—

Harry (despairingly throwing himself back)—No answer!

Maud (aside)—Oh! Ah! But he mustn't be permitted to do that again. It's a miracle that we're still above water. I'll temporize a little—hesitate—coquette—lie—anything, anything to keep him quiet and this wretched craft right side up until we can get ashore again. (Aloud.) Mr. Spooner—

Harry (violently starting up)—Don't call me that!

Maud (aside)—Everything—silence or speech—seems to agitate him; and, worse, makes him agitate the canoe. (Aloud.) Well, Harry, then—

Harry (much excited)—She calls me Harry!

Maud (aside)—I certainly won't again, if it causes such plunges as that. I truly thought we were gone. (Aloud.) This is so sudden—so unexpected, that I hardly know what to say. We are both very young——

(Harry half rises to his feet in protest.)

Maud (aside)—And doomed to die so, it looks to me. He'll be through the bottom, indeed he will! (Aloud.) I scarcely feel that I——

Harry (tearing his hair).—She's going to refuse!

Maud (aside).—Not in case that is a specimen of the way you'd receive the announcement. How passionate he is, and how he does thrash around! No girl who couldn't swim would be likely to refuse him—until she got ashore. (Aloud.) You misunderstand me, Mr. Sp—Harry.

Harry (demonstratively).—Then you accept me!

Maud (aside).—Mercy on me! Do all his emotions take the form of spasms? (Aloud.) Please paddle back to the pier; and on the way I will consider my answer.

Harry (gloomily).—Very well. (Paddles in silence.)

Maud (aside)—I'm saved! Evidently the feeling of suspense is the sole one that doesn't react upon his muscular system. Half way in, already. Poor boy, how anxious he looks! He fears I'll throw him over, when it's only that I want to prevent his doing the same to me. But a few rods more. Suppose I speak? One little word would entirely reverse his feelings—yes, and the canoe, likewise! No, I'll wait. Twenty yards—fifteen—ten—and here we are! Not a soul in sight, either!

Harry assists her ashore, following himself.)

Maud (aside)—Thank the stars! Now he may be as convulsive as he likes. (Aloud) Well, ye-es, Harry——dear Harry!

Harry (somewhat later)—Do you know, darling, that by your conduct in the canoe, you quite upset me!

Maud (very tenderly)—Yes; but you don't know how often you almost upset me, dear!—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

Empty Kirks and Big Stipends.

Now that disestablishment of the Church of Scotland has come within the area of practical politics—and come, too, at the very best time for the Liberal party in Scotland—it may not be uninteresting to know the position which the State Sion holds in some of the northern counties. One of the most frequent claims put forth for the Established Church, is that it is the church of the poor. If that be so in the Highlands, the poor must be few and far between, at least in the three synods and the ten presbyteries whose statistics are cited below. No traveling agents of the Liberation Society got up these statistics, nor are they the result of a church census inaugurated by a Radical newspaper, and carried out by Radical enumerators. On the contrary, they are official, taken from The Book of the Church of Scotland (Year Book), 1889, and covered by the Nec Tamen Consumebatur, and the Burning Bush, and by two little Scotch thistles that dance attendance one on either side of the bush.

I dare say there are a good many of your readers who do not know what a presbytery is, or a Synod, or even a Kirk Session, and who would fairly lose their way in a discussion on tiends, or fiars' prices, or glebes. Fortunately for my purpose it is not necessary to go into any lengthend or exhaustive explanation of technicalities. Put very roughly, yet truthfully, a presbytery in a group of congregations, and a Synod a group of presbyteries. I propose to deal with three Synods—those of Ross, of Sutherland and Caithness, and of Glenelg.

In the Synod of Ross there are three presbyteries—those of Chanonry, of Dingwall, and of Tain. Chanonry has eight congregations. Their membership and the stipends paid to their ministers are as under:

Congregation	Membership.	Stipend.
Avoch	53	£317
Cromarty	52	280
" Gaelic	84	—
Fortrose	14	147
Kilearnan	5	205
Knockbain	51	291
Resolis	30	244
Rosemarkie	35	226

The same proportions hold fairly true for the presbytery of Dingwall. The largest of its congregations is that of Dingwall itself, where there is a membership of 134, and the smallest is Carnoch, where the Rev. John McDougall ministers to a flock consisting of three individuals. One of these is no doubt the precentor, and unless that individual does church officer's duty, a second must be the beadle. Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, the minister of Urquhart and Logie Webster, has a stipend of £317 for ministering to twenty-eight members! Tarbat, a charge under the presbytery of Tain, has two ministers to twenty-five people.

The presbyteries of the Synod of Sutherland and Caithness are three in number, and consist of thirty congregation. Of these, one (Wick) has over 200 members, and two (Canisbay and Thurso) between 100 and 200. These that follow have fewer than thirty members. Yet are not their clergymen underpaid.

Congregation.	Membership.	Stipend.
Assynt	21	£100
Kildonan	21	213
Lairg	22	120
Loth	24	160
Rogart	30	170
Skeer	8	152
Durness	14	177
Eddrachillis	15	163
Tarr	15	210
Kinlochberrie	8	120
Strathy	5	120
Tongue	23	208
Berriedale	10	158
Halkirk	28	252
Latheron	28	302
Lybster	21	120
Olrig	26	226
Watten	17	222

Thus, for attending to the spiritual requirements of 336 members, no less a sum than £3,314 is paid! One of the three Presbyteries which compose the Synod of Sutherland and Caithness—Tongue—has six congregations—their aggregate membership is eighty. The biggest stipend paid in that presbytery is in the case of Tarr, where the minister has £220 for preaching to a handful of fifteen members.

The Synod of Glenelg has four presbyteries—Lochcarron, Skye, Uist, and Lewis; and only in one instance out of thirty-five does the membership exceed a hundred. Take these as a sample of single-figure congregations:

Congregation.	Membership.	Stipend.
Gairloch	8	£222
Shieldaig	2	120
Hallin in Waternish	5	120
Bernera	3	—
Ba ras	6	237
Cross	4	120
Knock	6	—
Lochs	7	205
Carloway	5	—

I leave the figures to speak for themselves, with the observation that they are not accepted as accurate by the Dissenters of Scotland. I do not say they are inaccurate—I give them as official.—*Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.*

Studying Human Nature.

Smyth—What's your boy doing now-a-days Edgerton?

Edgerton—Oh, I've set him to studying human nature.

"Ah! traveling about the world, I presume, picking up experience in the mad rush for existence."

"No, you're wrong. I've set him to work picking up five dollars a week in the mad rush of a dry goods store."

And She Meant It.

He (enthusiastically)—I love everything that is grand, beautiful, poetic and lovely. I love the peerless, the serene and the perfect in life.

She—How you must love me, darling; why did you not propose before!

A Mistake in the Genus.

Mr. Cloodup (at Fire Island)—You've got the biggesh cheek of any coon I ever sheen. Jesh 'cause I forgot t' fee yer for bringin' me zhat tough steak f' breakfash, you swim out after it.—*Judge.*

There's Many a True Word Spoken in Jest.

Outraged Ostrich—So you're the sucker I've been laying for!—*Puck.*

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lucille was better. The fever had left her; she had slept soundly for several consecutive nights; she had eaten manifold boiled soles and numerous wings of pheasants; and more than a dozen champagne bottles had found their way into her sick-room. On this day she was to get up and be carried for the first time into her aunt's morning room.

There had certainly been no pretence about her malady in the first instance. She had been genuinely and seriously ill; the shock of her uncle's terrible death—the awful spectacle that she had witnessed—his gasping curses, his delirious ravings, and the frightful sadness of his end—had quite unhinged her mind and flung her for some days into a brain fever; but, when she began to recover, she feigned to be ill a good deal longer than she could be actually said to be so; and her convalescence lasted longer than it need have done.

Lucille wanted to gain time. So long as she was shut up in her bed-room, with her maid as her sole attendant and the doctor as her only visitor, no inconvenient and distressing questions were likely to be put to her. The longer the period of time that elapsed between her uncle's death and her reappearance in daily life, the better chance there would be for the events of the evening of his death to become forgotten. Lucille did not want to be cross-questioned about those events.

It was true enough that she had pretty well known that to give a man very ill with disease of the heart a mental shock such as she proposed to give her uncle was to run the almost certain risk of shortening his life—and Lucille had meant to shorten his life; what she had not intended to do was to bring it to such a very sudden termination. She had intended Lord Elwyn to die of the results of her communication; but she had not intended him to die so soon. She had intended him to alter his will first—to cut his daughter's name out of it and insert her own in its place—and then, when that righteous deed was accomplished, to die quietly and naturally in his bed, so that no one should have thought there was any thing strange or unforeseen about it. But Lord Elwyn had provokingly upset all these clever calculations, and had chosen to die in a fit of raving delirium quite half an hour before it was convenient and rational that he should die; and the will had consequently remained unaltered.

Lucille was specially anxious that nobody should discover the fact that previously to her fetching Mr. Williams out of the smoking-room and taking him up to her uncle's room, she had sat for ten minutes or more quite alone by her uncle's bedside. If that came to be known, would not some connection be certainly made between that visit and the poor man's violent and sudden end? Would it not be very naturally said that something in that interview must have occurred to agitate and produce in him that condition of violent excitement which the doctors had specially bidden his attendants to beware of?

The only person who could say anything about this interview of Lucille's with her uncle was Mrs. Hyam. She alone knew that Lucille had been left alone for some time in her uncle's bedroom.

When the catastrophe of Lord Elwyn's death had occurred, Mrs. Hyam had come rushing up the back stair in violent haste, and had entered the room just as life became extinct in the poor gentleman. Feeling a sort of pity for the poor girl very possibly be attached to her for her absence on the momentous occasion, and knowing in her heart that she had lingered unnecessarily in the upper footman's pantry whilst that gentleman had been pleasantly engaged in offering to her a glass of sherry and a slice of plum cake in conjunction with his hand and his heart, Mrs. Hyam hastened to exclaim, upon the entrance of the doctors, that she had only just run out to the top of the back stairs for one minute to see if the housemaid was bringing up some clean bed linen that she had ordered.

"How long were you out of the room, Mrs. Hyam?" had asked Sir Augustus.

"Not ten seconds, sir! Just as Miss Maitland and Mr. Williams came along the passage, I ran out; I couldn't have been away long enough for to count twenty. His lordship was in bed quite comfortable and quiet when I left him."

"Dear, dear—then it must have been frightfully sudden!" murmured the great doctor gravely. "A sudden access of pain, I imagine, which no one could have foreseen, made him spring out of bed no doubt, with, alas, this sad result!"

And so it was decided in minds medical to have been the case; whilst Mrs. Hyam, fearful of the truth leaking out and of losing her character for vigilance and attention, took herself off to London by the earliest train in the morning, informing the upper-footman, as she bade him adieu, that she wished to goodness she had never set eyes on his "ugly mug," which had kept her out of her patient's room when the death scene took place.

"If ever you tell on me, John, I'll never be yours!" she said to him. "If you keep your mouth shut, I'll bear you in mind and let you know my address." And so Mrs. Hyam, the widow in a very good way of business, John did keep his mouth shut, especially as nobody thought of making it worth his while to open it.

In these circumstances Lucille had nothing to fear from Mrs. Hyam. If no one took the trouble to question her, Mrs. Hyam to the end of time would never speak to anybody of the events of that memorable evening.

On regaining her senses and her powers of thought, the very first question which Lucille asked of her maid was—

"Where is that nurse?"

"What nurse, miss?"—"That hired nurse—Mrs. Hyam."

"She! Oh, she went away long ago, miss—directly poor Lord Elwyn was dead!" "And a good riddance too!" added Noble to herself, for the upper-footman was a well-grown, handsome young man, and, before Mrs. Hyam's advent, he had not been wholly insensible to the charms of Sophia Noble. "Them sort of hired people does a deal o' mischief in a comfortable household, miss," continued Noble. "And drat all them designing widders, say I!" she added to herself.

After that, Lucille was easier in her mind—Mrs. Hyam out of the way, no one else could do her any harm; and, although by the death-bed were raised and Alfred suspected nothing, the whole subject would probably never be revived. Nevertheless she desired to let as long a time as possible elapse before her return to the daily habits of life. There was one person who she had to see, an unerring instinct, she had to be ever so little on the scent, would undoubtedly annoy her by inconvenient and unanswerable questionings. That person was Sir Adrian Dverill. It was therefore chiefly to keep out of his way that Lucille partook of game and champagne in the seclusion of her own chamber long after the state of her health might have safely permitted her to consume these dainties down-stairs in the dining-room.

The day, however, came at last when some sort of a beginning had to be made; she could not remain in her bed-room for ever. So, arrayed in an equisite tea-gown of white silk knotted with black bows to indicate her mourning condition, she was wheeled across the broad landing, past the top of the staircase, and into Lady Elwyn's private sitting-room, where the widow had chiefly sat since her husband's death.

The two women were glad to be together again. Lucille frequently deceived her aunt and kept back items of her confidence from her; but Lady Elwyn's affection for her beautiful spoilt niece was genuine and sincere. Lady Elwyn in her deep widow's weeds, sank joyfully upon her knees by the side of Lucille's couch and kissed her fondly.

"My dearest girl, how delightful to see you up, and looking so sweet and lovely too! It is indeed happiness to me to get you back to health, my child. We have much to discuss, Lucille. Are you strong enough to talk?"

"Certainly, aunt—much more than I talked whilst I was still in bed, for the matter of that."

"Oh, no! There was Noble always passing in and out; besides, I was afraid of agitating you; and I have been so lonely, dearest, since my terrible loss! Dearest Edward!"—and the widow pressed her handkerchief to her eyes with a little gentle sob which her reference to the dear departed seemed to demand.

"You might have sought consolation in the arms of 'dearest Edward's' daughter," suggested Miss Matilda, with unfeeling coldness and a slight sneer.

"That horrible girl!" cried Lady Elwyn angrily. "Lucille, I am never going to speak to her again! I have refused to see her. There is not the smallest doubt that she is morally guilty of her poor father's death."

"Indeed!" This was most interesting news to Lucille. "How do you mean?"

"Why, of course he must have heard something against her! You, my darling, have, I dare say, forgotten the painful details of the last sad scene; but Mr. Williams tells that my poor dear husband, believing you to be Kathleen, rushed at you and cursed you, calling you by her name, in the most frightful manner for some wickedness of hers which had evidently come to his ears. That undoubtedly is why he told Mrs. Hyam to find Mr. Williams in such a hurry—to alter his will and cut her out of it. Alas that death should have frustrated his just and righteous purpose!"

This way of putting matters was beyond all that Lucille had dared to hope for.

"Bravo, little Williams!" she said to herself delighted; aloud, with a pensive melancholy, she murmured, "Dreadful girl! What a frightful load of responsibility she has incurred! And everything then is left to her!"

"Everything that he could leave, save the Suffolk property, which brings in a beggarly three hundred a year, which was not in the entail, and which I persuaded him to secure to you at the time of your engagement, and my settlement of course—a thousand a year and the London house, which is small and inconvenient; all the rest, including those jewels that are not heirlooms—his mother's, for instance—and as much of the pictures, plate, and china as could be left away from Alfred, besides £96,000 to that girl."

"Good heavens!"

"Oh, it is iniquitous—infamous! If I could bring myself to say a hard word of my dead husband, I could find it in my heart to say very bitter things of a man who has allowed his own decent belongings to go pinched and poor in order to enrich to superfluity the daughter of a shameful union with a harlot!"

"All the same, I think you have done wrong to quarrel with her. You had much better patch it up and get the benefit of her thousands. She is very stupid and ignorant; you might very easily make a good thing out of her if you were clever."

"Lucille, I know that you speak the words of wordly wisdom; but I hate the girl too much. I will not give her the shelter of my name or my home. It would be worse for me, short a time that it would be of no advantage to me. Alfred is, I regret to say, still bent on marrying her."

"For her money of course," murmured Miss Maitland, looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Alfred knows very well how to feather his own nest. If she had been left nothing, he would have turned her out of doors. He knows her real character well enough. I am sure I have done my best to point out to him that she is scarcely respectable; but he shuts his eyes to it willfully because of her money. When are they going to be married?"

"I am sure I neither know nor care. It is quite disreputable her staying on in the house, I consider! As I have refused to see her, she is virtually alone in it, holding interviews with Alfred in all the down-stairs rooms. Goodness knows what she is up to—no good, I fear! And, now that Adrian has come back, I am glad you are better, and will be able to look after the dear fellow and keep him out of her toils. Only last night she made a most horrible commotion in the morning-room, I hear—screamed and shrieked so that the men-servants came running in, and found her in a dead faint on the floor. They had to carry her up stairs; and Dawks tells me that both Alfred and Adrian went into her bed-room and helped to bring her to with salts and sal-volatile as she lay on her bed. It's an outrage to morality, I consider!"

"Perfectly disgusting!" ejaculated Miss Maitland. "I will soon put a stop to Adrian's little amusements in that line—that miserable creature has from the very first tried to get him away from me, as you know, aunt!"

"That she will never do, Lucille—a gentleman knows how to value a well-born and high-bred lady like yourself, and to honor her above all others as his future wife, although with the baser part of his masculine nature he may afford him amusement to see how far a creature of that description will permit him to go. Men will always get fun out of a woman who forgets what is due to her sex; but no nice man desires to turn such a one into his wife."

"No; I dare say you are right, aunt," replied Miss Maitland piously.

Did any passing thought of Laurie Doyle and the many fond kisses she had bestowed upon that young gentleman in her leisure moments weigh one feather's weight upon her conscience as she listened to her aunt's little homily on female virtue? Probably not; Lucille's conscience seldom troubled her at inconvenient times.

"Now as to your marriage, my love," continued Lady Elwyn. "Of course it will have to be solemnized in a very different fashion now from what we once planned—it will have to be very quiet."

Lucille heaved a deep sigh. This was indeed a calamity which came very dreadfully home to her. She thought of the large household of guests—of the marriage in the cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury, of the twelve bridesmaids in coral silk behind her—of the crowds in the Clorchester streets, and the monster reception in the castle at Ashmere—that was to have been a wedding worth dreaming about—a marriage worth living for.

"I know—I know!" she said, sorrowfully; and there were real tears in her eyes as she thought of all that she was forced to surrender.

"But still we need not wait so very long, I think" and you might be married at nine o'clock in the morning with just a couple of witnesses. I could not of course come to the church; but then in London—for it must be in London—nobody notices one much; and, after two months, it it was as quiet as that, there would be nothing to shock any one, I think."

"It seems scarcely worth while to be married, after all, if it's to be done in such a hole-and-corner sort of fashion!" cried Lucille miserably.

"My dearest girl, I feel for you! I know it is a dreadful disappointment to you—and after all we have arranged, too! Ah, how true it is that no one can tell what a day may bring forth! When I think of those poor girls and their lovely coral dresses all ordered, and when I think, too, of all your beautiful gowns ready, it's really enough to break one's heart!"

A Summer Idyl; or, Voices and Faces.

First City Young Lady—Listen, Flo, how sweetly the children sing!

Second City Young Lady—Ah, Gladys, what would I not give to be one of those happy, happy children!

"Those happy, happy children."—*Puck.*

"Oh, it is—it is!"—and Lucille actually wept at the recollection.

"But still, bad as it is," continued her aunt, "I do really think it will be better not to put the marriage off for long. Dear Adrian will not like to be kept waiting. I think you might be married in the middle of April. Let me see—to-day is the first of February. Your dear uncle has been dead sixteen days. Suppose we say the sixteenth of April? That will be three months exactly—quite a respectable interval. Nobody could say a word."

"We shall soon go up to town, I suppose, aunt?"

"As soon, my love, as you are strong enough to travel. Our position here is uncomfortable. Alfred has been very kind; but I would rather go to my own house as soon as possible."

"The sooner the better, so far as I am concerned, aunt. Why cannot we go at once? To day's Tuesday—let us leave on Friday or Saturday. I shall be quite well by then."

"Well, we might go on Monday, I think. Of course there is the packing, also the finding servants; but then I would send Dawks up to see to that. The house in Green street, you know, is completely furnished and very comfortable."

"Yes"—Lucille raised her head and looked carefully round the room—"there are a good many little things, aunt—china ornaments, candlesticks—that dear little clock, for instance, and that lovely gilt *etagere* with glass shelves; those Dresden figures, too on the cabinet, and that set of Worcester tea-cups in the cupboard; and in my room too—

"Yes, yes—of course, my dear. You don't suppose I haven't thought of all this! I've given Dawks a little list already; and there are some things in the morning-room too—she is going to get them up-stairs quietly while the men-servants are waiting at dinner time. Alfred will never miss them. Dawks is going to pack them amongst my clothes. You had better tell Noble to do the same in your rooms—it would be a sin to leave them."

"Oh, I have already told her—I've written them down, in fact, for her!"

"Then we certainly some subjects upon which this aunt and niece were in perfect accord and sympathy; they understood each other instinctively and at a word.

Lucille began to be quite excited about the move to London. Clortell Towers had now become tedious to her; the dulness and gloom of mourning had settled down upon its grandeur. There was no possibility of extracting any amusement out of the place—even the country neighbors only left cards of inquiry at the door; and propriety and decency forbade all thought of appearing in the hunting field. The sooner they got up to town the better, she thought. One can do things in London one cannot do in the country in the circumstances; and then in London there would be Laurie Doyle!

"I'll have a good time with poor Laurie before I'm turned off," said Miss Maitland to herself; "he'll take me about, and we can have a bit of fun together in a quiet way."

A knock at the door heralded a visit from Sir Adrian, who, upon hearing that his fiancee was on the sofa and visible, thought it right to come and pay her his respects.

"Delighted to see you up again, Lucille!" he said kindly, taking a chair by her side.

"Lucille wants to talk to you about your wedding, dear Adrian," said Lady Elwyn—"we have been settling it together for the sixteenth of April."

Adrian looked shocked.

"Oh, but that is a great deal too soon; it would not be decent—it would seem quite heartless!"

Lucille was offended, and violently drew away the hand which he held.

"Oh, not if the ceremony takes place in London, Adrian, and the marriage is very quiet!" said Lady Elwyn. "I assure you it would not be at all disrespectful to my poor husband's memory! And, if I do not mind who else is to say a word?"

"As you will, Lady Elwyn," he answered wearily. "After all, we need not settle it now. need we? It is about something else I wanted to speak to you. No, don't go, Lady Elwyn; I want you as much as Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon—as soon, in fact, as Lucille is strong enough! She says Friday; but I think we had better settle to go on Monday, what with packing and one thing and another. Yes, Monday let it be."

"Well, then, dear Lady Elwyn, and you too, Lucille, pray consider what is to be done about that poor child."

"What child, Adrian?" Lucille inquired sharply.

"Poor little Kathleen. Will you not take her with you, Lady Elwyn? Will you not give her a home for a short time even—just until she can settle something for herself? Consider how young, how pretty, how defenceless she is! She has no other woman to look to but you. Is it not natural that she should stay with her father's wife?"

"Adrian," said Lady Elwyn very decidedly, "I have said once for all that I will not have Kathleen under my roof. Do not seek to move my resolution; you cannot change it."

"What then is to become of her?"

"Let her stay here with Alfred," said Lucille, with a hard and ice-like distinctness; "she has no character to lose."

Sir Adrian could not trust himself to answer. He got up quickly, walked straight to the door, and, going out of it, banged it loudly and angrily after him.

(To be Continued.)

There Were Two Strands.

One of the witnesses in the *Times*-Parnell case was a seaweed gatherer on the coast of Ireland. He was called to refute a falsehood sworn to by an informer. He gave his testimony with a force that defied all the Judges and the entire army of counsel on both sides. Neither on direct examination would he tell enough, nor could he on cross be prevented from telling too much. After vain parrying his testimony was unfinished when the hour of adjournment arrived, and before he was in the box next morning information was conveyed to the prosecution that he had been taken into a drinking place on the Strand during the night and jockeyed by the Parnellite trainers, if there be such persons. The Strand, as everybody knows, is no longer on the water's edge. A considerable city now lies between it and the Thames. It is as high and dry as Ararat. It is a thoroughfare of omnibuses, the principal passage of the West City of London in that section, and no more suggests the roar of waves or the casting up of the vegetation of the sea bottom than London Tower or Westminster Abbey.

Nevertheless this dialogue occurred:

Cross Examiner (in thunder tones)—Were you on the Strand last night?

Witness (promptly)—I was not.

Cross-Examiner (looking a extermination into his eyes)—Were you in a house on the Strand last night?

Witness (looking very calm and collected)—I was not.

Cross Examiner (lowering his voice into the hiss of a reptile)—Were you ever on the Strand?

Witness—I was.

Cross-Examiner (rubbing his hands with the glee of victory, and intimating that the fox was at last caught)—What were you doing on the Strand?

Witness (mechanically)—Gathering seaweed, your Honor.

There was a profound silence in the court room for a long and thrilling instant. Then smiles broke over the judges' countenances like touches of rising sun upon the gray crests of waves. The convulsion of fun began spreading throughout the court room, and, amid unrestrained peals of laughter, it was discovered that while the furious cross-examiner had been talking about the Strand of London the simple peasant in the witness box, who had never heard the name of a London street, and had arrived for the first time out of his native haunts the previous day, was speaking of the strand of his little village, and was deeply puzzled to know how the wigged brain glowering before him could have thought it was possible for him to have gone back there in ten hours for lodging and breakfast.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Good Marrying Weather.

A verdant-looking young couple appeared one day at the parsonage of an Eastern minister and they were in a wonderfully excited state. that they wanted to be married. It was raining in torrents, as it had been doing all day. The minister thought that they had come in an open buggy, sheltered only by a single umbrella, and were so thoroughly drenched that it was necessary for them to dry their garments in the kitchen fire before the minister could proceed with the ceremony. When they reappeared he said:

"It's too bad you have such a rainy day."

"Well," said the bridegroom, with the well-marked nasal twang of a rural Yankee, "that's just exactly why we came. You see, it's pourin so hard we couldn't do nothin' else, so we jest thought that it was a good time to get married. Wouldn't have come if it'd been good plowin' weather."

He Didn't Understand It.

A Texas man was reading a newspaper account of the recent prize-fight between Sullivan and Kilrain to a group of earnest listeners. Among the most interested listeners was an old frontiersman who continually interrupted the reader with such exclamations as: "What! knocked him down agin? You don't say he hit him in the chest! What! smashed him in the nose!" etc.

Finally, when another knock-down was scored against Kilrain, the frontiersman could control his indignation no longer, and called out in a frenzy of excitement:

"Where in the ——— was his gun! Didn't none of his friends have a gun!"—*Texas Siftings.*

Colonelistic Honor.

"Colonel, let me have a dollar for a few minutes."

"Can't do it, Colonel. I just borrowed one myself from my hostler."

"Well, that'll do."

"But I've done gone and spent it."

"All!"

"All but twenty cents."

"Well, let me have that."

"No, let's go in here and take one."

"I cannot go with you, Colonel, under the circumstances. You set 'em up the last time. As a man of honor I must return the favor. Let me have the money."

"Here, noble brother; take it."

Family Loyalty.

A Stevens avenue young lady was much pained and shocked as she walked down the street yesterday to see her young brother sitting astride the prostrate body of another boy raining down blows upon his struggling victim.

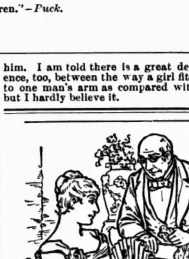
"Johnny!" she almost screamed, "what are you doing! Come here this minute. Aren't you ashamed of yourself fighting this way in the street!"

The boy reluctantly arose from his vanquished antagonist and faced his indignant sister. Then he explained:

"Well, I don't care. He said you wasn't good looking. I don't think you are either, but it ain't none o' his funeral. So I licked him."

Interesting Muscle Reading.

You can tell pretty well how a girl feels toward you by the way she takes your arm. If she doesn't care a cent you know it by the indifference of her muscles. If she has a great confidence in you the pressure tells it; and friendship is as distinct from love in that mode of expression as in words or looks. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect comfort, even if she is six feet high and he is four. But even if the two are just matched, she can make him feel disdain, contempt, discomfort, dislike, anything she likes, by the way she does not hold on to him. I am told there is a great deal of difference, too, between the way a girl fits her waist to one man's arm as compared with another, but I hardly believe it.



"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER,"

remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would. The silly little woman, in order to appear youthful, plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, yclept 'balms,' 'creams,' 'lotions,' etc." "Yes," interrupted the little woman, "I did, until my skin became like parchment and so pimply and coarse." "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Use," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite good and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is **guaranteed** to do all that it is claimed to, **or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.**

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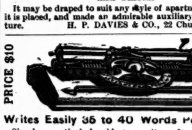
PRICE $10  PRICE $10

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CHAPTER XXXI.

"Who was the man called Martin Langton?" repeated Duke Oldcastle.

Mrs. Uglow, with a cry of despair, fell backwards upon her seat.

"Who told you," she gasped—"who told you that I knew? No, no!" she cried wildly, starting to her feet again. "I don't know—I don't know! It's a falsehood to say I do! I say I don't know who Martin Langton was!"—and with a moan she sank down upon her chair once more.

Duke put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Look here," he said sternly, trying to control the excitement which was beginning to make him tremble—"before I asked that question I felt pretty sure that you could answer it. I know now that you can. Once more—who is Martin Langton?"

"I—I dare not tell you," she muttered with a shiver.

"You shall!" declared Duke doggedly.

"Mr. Duke," cried the woman, raising her wild haggard face and forcing the words from lips that grew rigid and drawn, "if I were to tell you, you would not believe me—you—you would threaten to kill me, I think! How could you believe it," she cried, in a high-pitched, quavering voice, "when I could not when I read it, and can hardly believe it now?"

Duke let his hand drop from her shoulder and stepped back slowly. He had grown nearly as white as she; his heart was throbbing quickly; a feeling of apprehension of he knew not what made him turn faint and cold. What horror was it that he was approaching? He lost sight of everything now but his overwhelming desire to probe to the bottom and know the worst of this unknown awful thing. But he was not so dazed but that he quickly caught up her last words and turned them against her.

"When you read it?" he said sharply. "Then you don't ask me to believe your word alone. When you read what?"

The woman seemed to have given up all hope of denial or resistance. With her clasped hands lying in her lap and her head drooping over them, she answered, in a dull resigned voice—

"The letter.—" What letter?"

"The letter Sir Guy wrote to my lady before he died."

"That my father wrote to my mother?" cried Duke, in unmeasured astonishment. "How did it fall into your hands?" he demanded.

"I stole it."—"You stole it? Good heavens! When? How?"

"From his hand when he was dying," muttered the housekeeper almost inaudibly.

There was silence for a moment. Duke stood drawing his breath in deep gasps, trying to realize all this, to believe that it was true. Mrs. Uglow sat mute and motionless, waiting to be questioned. Her foster-son, looking at her bowed head with a new born repugnance, moved a pace farther from her.

"So you stole this letter?" he said, harshly. "What was your motive? How was it? Did no one know of it but you?"

"Nobody," returned the housekeeper, in the same muffled monotonous tone. "And even I never saw it until the day before he died.

"Go on!" said Duke, sternly.

"I nursed him through his last illness, Mr. Duke," Mrs. Uglow made a movement of resignation, and, as though accepting the inevitable, went on steadily without any halt or break now, until he himself interrupted her. "You were away at the time, but you must have heard that he had a hatred for strange faces, and I knew his ways and understood him better than any hired, strange nurse could have done. You must have heard that he was steadily getting better when his relapse suddenly took a turn for the worse. I knew it was for death, and I told my lady so. Sir Guy knew it, too, for he asked the doctor point blank, and he did not deny it. Death was so near that it was only a question of hours, and indeed in less than twenty-four hours after the change he was dead. I was as soon as he knew that he was dying and that there was no hope that I first knew of the letter. He was very weak—so weak that, when he signed to me that he wanted to speak, I had to bend my ear down to his lips to hear what it was he said. 'Are we quite alone in the room?' he asked me. I told him 'Yes.' Then he bade me take his keys from under his pillow, open his private cabinet—you know it, Mr. Duke—the inlaid ebony one—unlock a certain drawer, press a little knob at the back of it, and bring him what I should find lying in the recess which would be exposed. I did as he told me. It was a large thick envelope. Before I gave it to him I looked, being curious, at what was written upon it. It was, 'My Legacy to my Wife.' I said nothing, of course. I gave it to Sir Guy, and he slipped it under his pillow as he lay. It was hardly out of sight when my lady came in. He signed to me to be silent, and I held my tongue."

"And then?" Duke interrupted breathlessly. He was repelled and fascinated at once. Again he drew away from his foster-mother. What a diabolical duplicity was in this woman with her soft voice and gentle air of deference!

"My lady soon went out again—she was hardly ever in the room—Sir Guy could not bear to have her. I sat watching him. He began to wander presently; I knew the end was very near. I saw his hand groping under the pillow, trying to find the envelope. He drew it out, but his fingers were too weak to close properly over it. He had been muttering before, but not intelligibly—I had not understood what he said; I thought now that he looked as if he wanted to speak to me, but when I bent down I saw that he did not know me. He tried to clutch the envelope, and there was a gasp between each of his words. 'My legacy—Olivia,' he panted—'my legacy—and my revenge!' He had tried to raise himself as he said it, and he laughed; but the death rattle was in his throat, and he was dead as his head fell back upon the pillow. I took the packet from him, put it into my pocket, and went to the door of the ante-room and told the servants waiting there that it was all over—he was gone."

If anything could have rendered more ghastly the death-scene she thus recalled, it would have been the dreadful composure with which she spoke. Duke stood motionless to the open window and stood there for a moment or two, glad to breathe the warm pure air.

"Go on!" he said, returning. "What was your motive for stealing it?"

"Because I hated my lady!" cried Mrs. Uglow, with sudden vehemence, raising her eyes, in which glowed sullen vindictive passion. "I had cause to hate her—bitter cause! She had scorned me, taunted me, insulted me a thousand times, treated me as though I were the dirt beneath her feet, born only to be trampled there; no purchased slave was ever more despised by his master than I was by my mistress! So I hated her then as I hate her now, and stole the paper from her husband's dead hand because I thought that through it I might have her in my power and have my revenge upon her!"

The vehement passion with which she spoke was like nothing that her listener had seen or heard before; he could only look at her. With only a pause for breath, she went on again, somewhat less violently—

"I thought it because I knew, and had known for years, that there was some secret between them—some fatal cause of division that no one else suspected. When I have heard Sir Guy Oldcastle spoken of as the most indulgent and obedient of husbands, when I knew that people laughed to see how entirely his handsome wife ruled him and how submissive he was to her every fancy and caprice, I have laughed to myself, knowing what an utter mistake it was, and that there were times when the wife trembled when her husband looked at her. I have seen her tremble—ay, and she has known that I have seen her. If I have hated her, she has feared me. Sir Guy called the packet his revenge, and I stole it that it might also be mine."

"And read it?" Duke demanded.

"No; my courage failed me—I did not dare, although I tried many times. I should have done so"—she put out her hand timidly toward him, but let it fall again without touching him—"oh, my dear, I should have done so but for you! I feared it might do you harm—I don't know what I feared—I never seemed to remember how entirely it was my secret and that I could burn it. I did not read it, but kept it locked away."

Duke pushed the fair hair from his damp forehead; with his drawn haggard face, he bore little resemblance to the pictured laughing handsome boy smiling down upon the scene with unconscious lips.

"You did read it at last," he said. "You have confessed that. Let me see it."

"Mr. Duke," murmured the woman imploringly.—"Let me see it, I say!"

She made a mute entreating gesture.

"Once for all, let me see it!"

Passion blazed in his eyes and vibrated in his voice; the movement of his hand was menacing. She yielded; slowly she unlocked the brass-bound desk and took the packet from it. As he snatched it she caught his hand in both her own beseechingly.

"My dear, my dear," she cried, despairingly, "you have made me do this! But, when you have read it, when you know the dreadful truth, think before you do anything. I could not burn it—for your sake, I could not; but I could not take it to your mother, as I had always meant to do. I thought of you and tried, but I could not; I have been tortured, maddened, by wondering what I should do, ever since I read it. Oh, my dear, think when you have read it, too!"

Duke flung away her clinging fingers, and with a trembling hand drew out the papers. He lifted them, let them fall again, and looked at the white face before him.

"Will this," he said, "tell me who Martin Langton was?"—"Yes."

"Tell me first—I have no patience to wait to read. I should never have come here at all, I think, if I had known what horror was before me; but I must go through with it now or lose my reason. Quick—who was he?"

The woman put her lips to his ear, recoiled with a shudder and a cry, and sank down upon a chair, burying her haggard face in her hands.

"I can't tell you! she gasped inarticulately. "I dared not tell you! Read it, since you have forced it from me, and see why your father called it his revenge!

With his temples throbbing, with his heart again beating suffocatingly as it had beaten just before, with a rushing sound in his ears, Duke Oldcastle looked from the papers in his hand to the housekeeper's covering figure and back again confusedly; his hands were cold, his whole body was chilled. Then he drew a chair towards him, sat down, and with shaking fingers spread the contents of the yellow envelope out before him. The larger paper lay uppermost—the sheets of foolscap that were covered with close plain writing—his father's writing.

The young man shuddered as he looked at it—it was ghastly, horrible somehow. With his lips twitching nervously as his eyes traveled down the page, Duke Oldcastle read his dead father's legacy to his living mother.

"How many years will it be, Olivia, before you read this? I ask myself the question as I write it. How many years will it be before you take it, as I am resolved you shall, from my dying hand? You will comprehend my silence then—the silence which no torture ever invented should have forced me to break against my will; you will understand the purpose which I have kept in view unflinchingly since I first knew you as you are, and since you knew that you had no secret from me.

"I have one regret as I write this—it is the one weak point in my plan—I am sorry that I shall not be able to watch your face when you read it—the face that was once to me the dearest, purest, and fairest that this universe contained. How I loved you! Bah—shall I let the memory of my old blindness, my past idiocy stir me now—me, who have been wise and open-eyed so long? But how blind I was to marry you, believing dotingly, unquestioningly—ay, ready to stake my life had I been asked—that you gave me love for love and heart for heart!

"I smile to myself as I think how you will look when you read this. You must have turned yourself with such questions, you must have spent such hours of impotent, helpless agony, wondering how I found out your secret! Do I not know it? There has not been a pang which you have suffered, Olivia, which I have not seen and exulted over. How did I find out your secret? Read on, and you will know.

"When I married you, Olivia—when, after the brief passionate courtship that I paid to you, I won your consent to be my wife—I had heard Martin Langton's name—the name of the man whose recklessness and profligacy had even then been his ruin. The poor proud relatives with whom you lived, jealous of your beauty, envious perhaps that you should win in me a wealthy and titled husband, did not fail to let me know, with all the venom which a woman's spite can give, that he too had paid court to you, and to insinuate that you had loved him. But they said no more and suspected no more. Dissimulation was a second nature to you, Olivia; you deceived them, who hated you, as cleverly as you did me, who adored you. I did not believe—my trust was too entire for that—but I did once mention his name to you. Do you remember with what artless eyes you looked at me, how with a word, a caress, you lulled to sleep every doubt I had? We were together when one of your cousins, with a jealous woman's cunning spite, read aloud to us both the account of his death in a drunken brawl in a Spanish gambling hell. Your hand was in mine, and it did not tremble; there was no interest in your face, the eyes did not droop before mine. How could I seeing this, guess your perfidy? How could I dream that the scoundrel of whose death we heard without the quiver of an eyelid had won and deserted you, and that you had borne him a child—the child who, when you read this will bear my title and name!

"There is a weak link in every chain; there was a weak spot in the armor of deception in which you had encased yourself, and, all unsuspicious, my hands found it. If you had not kept Martin Langton's letters to you, Olivia—if he had not sent back to you the letters in which you implored him to do you justice before your child should be born, and declare legal the false marriage by which he had deceived you—you thought it real, I suppose, but perhaps the pretence was one of the many lies which come so glibly from your lips—I should never have known of the black gulf of shame and dishonor into which you plunged me. I found the letters and read them, and I knew what a betrayed, credulous fool I was!

"I will would most men have done, I wonder, in such a strait as mine? Have thrust from their doors perhaps the wife who had betrayed them and made a waste and ruin of their lives. Bah—a poor revenge and commonplace, within the reach of all—a vengeance to be wreaked by the veriest fool! It was not subtle, not torturing enough for me, and it would not have freed me from the chain which bound me to you as your husband. I desired to retaliate by some slower and more merciless process than by proclaiming our shame. I wished to live and see your suffer, and I found out the way.

"Fortune favored me. If we had not been staying, with foreign servants, ourselves utterly unknown, in that lonely old Swiss chalet at the foot o' the Alps, I could never have carried out my plan without fear of detection and betrayal. But for that, I could never have found out Martin Langton's child and yours, and brought it to you. Do you recall, as you read this, Olivia, how I set it down before you, with the few words to which I have never since added a syllable, and how, as I turned away and left you, you fell swooning to the floor?

"That was the revenge that I resolved upon. I forced you to acknowledge Martin Langton's child as yours; I resolved to acknowledge it as mine, because I knew well that I should thus inflict upon you a more ingenious torture than any other I could have devised. I knew your pride, I knew that, as the child was the embodiment of your shame and your betrayal, you would never look upon him without hating him for the stain which his very existence brought upon you. For myself, what did I care? It was but an additional misery to me to know that you would soon be the mother of a child of mine, although I had never realized the fulness of my agony until I saw you with that child in your arms.

"It was seeing how passionately you loved that child, Olivia, which first clearly suggested to me the shape which my final just revenge should take. No words can depict the joy with which I saw that and exulted over it. Every moment of your life avenged my wrong doubly and trebly, more completely than I had ever hoped. I had suffered one agony, and could punish its inflicter. Yours was ever fresh, and you were helpless.

"When I brought Martin Langton's child to you, I knew that you would never, for your own sake, dare to repudiate it—I knew that you would never tell the truth, having before your eyes the fear that I should in turn make public your secret and your shame. There is one thing that you love better even than you have loved that child and mine, and that is yourself and your reputation in the eyes of the world. So I did it—I forced you to acknowledge Martin Langton's child, knowing that you would never dare the protest of even a word. I was so careful, so subtle, our long absence from England and from all who knew us favored my plot so well, that to this day is there one who for an instant doubts that Guy Oldcastle, my heir, is in very truth my son? Not one!

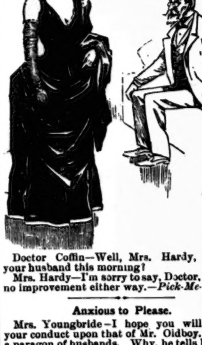
"How you must have rendered! What silent agony must have been yours! I might have spoken, but that was no part of my plan. No; I had resolved upon silence—you should suffer, you should fear me, you should not dare to speak. You tried once, as I thought you would. Do you remember it? I answered you by a blow, and you shrank away, shuddering, cowering before me, as though you feared that I might strike you and mar the treacherous beauty of your face. It has been one of the sweetest comforts of my agony to know how abjectly you feared me.

"I have played my part well, have I not? From the day when I first knew you as you were, man and woman never lived more utterly sundered than we. Before the world I have been your most devoted, your most deferential and submissive husband, have I not? The ghastliest the force I played and forced you to play, the keener your suffering and the sweeter the daily measure of my revenge. It has amused me to hear how the world spoke of our relations, to hear myself good-humoredly laughed at for being your slave, the willing servant of your every caprice and fancy, and to know that you were at my mercy. Have you ever quiv in my presence without shrinking if my eyes were turned towards you? Have I ever spoken to you when we have been alone that you have not sickened with dread of what my next words might be? Never—and I know it! A revenge like this would have satisfied most men, but it did not satisfy me. I set down upon paper enclosed with this, if you have not read it first, and you will know what a bolt my dead hand shall still have power to launch against you.

"Could anything have been devised to torture you more subtly, Olivia, than the making of this, my last will, phrased as I have phrased it? There is not a word in it that will not pierce through your love and through your hate, through your shame and your proud pride. I have power in your hands, Olivia, out power which, if you dare to use it, shall crush you. You hate Martin Langton's son, the son who bears my name, and whom the will in my lawyer's hands—which will be proved unless you dare to use this, and which was made with intention while I had this in view—makes absolute heir of all that I could bequeath to him. You love my son, whom it leaves with a mere pittance. It is at your option to change this. Prove this second will, which makes Marmaduke the heir of all and states the reason why, or be silent, and endure the agony of seeing the son you hate in the position from which it is in your power to remove him only by proclaiming what you are and humiliating yourself to the very dust.

"To me, as I write this, it matters little which you do, knowing that I have rendered your continued suffering as sure. Both to me are equally indifferent. The knowledge that you are the mother of both has been amply sufficient to make me hate both. To me they are the mere puppets through which I avenge myself for the misery and degradation of a life. Once more, I say, the choice lies with you. Do which you will and what you will, Olivia—do nothing and still I have my revenge!"

(To be Continued.)



Doctor Coffin—Well, Mrs. Hardy, how is your husband this morning?

Mrs. Hardy—I'm sorry to say, Doctor, there is no improvement either way.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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"Dear me, John," replied Mrs. Jones, "I thought Mr. Idell was a strict temperance man."

An Apt Quotation.

"What are you doing?" asked Gazzam, as McCrackle tore off the wrapper of his copy of *Punch*.

"Opening the chestnut burr."

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

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Mr. Joseph Pim of Toronto and Messrs. T. C. Keefer and F. W. Powell of Ottawa were registered at the Windsor, Montreal, last week.

•

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well known Canadian *litterateur*, is spending a portion of his holidays at Southampton on Lake Huron. The Dr. promises us ere long a spicy article for the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote leave on Saturday per s. s. Umbria, Cunard Line, for a trip to England and the continent.

•

Mr. Percy Schofield has sold his half interest in the yacht Molly to Mr. Allan McNole, the latter being now the sole owner.

•

Miss Lizzie Mackey, of Muscatine, Iowa, who has been spending a month's vacation with her aunt, Mrs. William Ryan of Isabella street, has left for home by way of Montreal.

•

The following guests are summering at Stanley House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. Ross of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown of Toronto, Rev. A. and Miss Sanson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Robinson and family, Rev. A. and Miss Stewart, Mr. Thomas Dallas and Miss Dallas of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. O'Meara and Mr. Greene of Toronto, Miss O'Mara and Miss Dallas of Orillia, Miss Mackelcan of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lee and family of Chicago, Miss McMullen of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. J. B. Meacham, Miss Meacham, Miss Ethel Meacham and Miss Crawford of Toronto, Mr. C. B. Patterson of Oakville, Mr. G. Lindsay of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Allen and Miss Atterbary of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Mackelcan and Miss Theodora Mackelcan of Hamilton, Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Masters Murray and Leslie Wilson of Toronto, Rev. R. W. E. and Mrs. Greene and Mr. Richard and Miss Hazel Greene of Orillia.]

•

Mr. and Mrs. Lover are on a trip to the Lower Provinces, visiting Kingston, Thousand Islands, Ottawa and Montreal en route.

•

Miss Isabel Henderson of McCaul street is spending her vacation with Miss Mills of Peterborough.

•

Mr. and Mrs. R Hatch and family of Gerard street are spending the summer at the seaside, Ocean Grove, N. J.

•

Messrs. Fred. Morphy, H. E. Howell, A. P. Taylor and W. A. Hunter of the Wanderers Bicycle Club left this a. m. to spend two weeks in Muskoka.

•

If persons coming back to town would send us notice we should be pleased to publish it in this column and thereby let their friends know of their return.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The town has been quite gay lately, and judging from the numerous visitors constantly staying here with friends, it is to be believed that Barrie is one of the favorite and most attractive places north of Toronto. Peninsular Park Hotel and Robinson's have nearly as many guests as it is possible to accommodate, and all seem pleased and charmed with the hotels and surroundings. It is rumored that weekly hops will be given, the first one to take place Monday, August 12.

Mrs. John Ardagh of Blythe Cottage gave an At Home last week. A great many were present and had a most delightful time.

Mrs. Vansittart invited a number of friends on Friday afternoon, July 26, for a sail around the lake on the steamer Enterprise. The few hours passed most pleasantly for all on board. The steamer returned to the wharf at 9 p. m.

Mr. Morris, manager of the Bank of Commerce, returned home last Tuesday after enjoying three months on the continent, and looks much benefited after the voyage.

Mr. Geo. Esten arrived home recently from Bermuda, where he spent a few weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason and the Misses Mason have returned from a month's visit in Toronto.

Miss Cotter has gone to visit friends in Brockville.

Mr. W. D. B. Spry left on Saturday for Detroit where he intends spending a week or two.

Mr. Norman Thacker of Kingston has been the guest of Mr. Wm. Campbell of Boulderfell.

Mr. Thos. R. Boys is spending his holidays in Guelph.

Mrs. L. D. Beatty and son left for Cobourg last Thursday to spend a month. OCULAIRE.

INGERSOLL.

Miss Urquhart of Toronto is visiting Miss Maggie O'Neill.

Mrs. Croil of Toronto, who has been visiting Mrs. J. C. B. Galer, has returned home.

Mr. M. Walsh and D. White, jr., are rusticating at Beaumaris, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hyler and daughter have gone to New Westminster, B. C., on a two months' holiday trip.

The following gentlemen leave on Thursday for Sault Ste. Marie: Fred O'Grady, James Gayfer, Chas. White and Arthur B. Lee.

Messrs. Jas. Vance and Geo. H. White leave next week for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sydney-Smith of Stratford are visiting the Misses O'Grady.

Miss Ada Ferguson left on Tuesday on a visit to Miss Scott of Sarnia.

Miss Aggie Nicholson of Hamilton, who will be remembered in connection with the St. George disaster, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. Murdoch.

Miner of London is on a visit to Mrs. T. E. Robinson.

Mr and Mrs. J. H. Hegler left on Saturday last for Winnipeg via Port Arthur.

Mr. H. C. R. Walker leaves next month for Muskoka.

Mr. G. Wells, ledger keeper in the Merchants' Bank, has secured a situation with Robert Waite & Co. of Montreal, and will shortly leave for his new home. He is a good athlete and a prominent member of the Athletic Association, very popular, and will be greatly missed. Fred O'Grady will take the ledger, and Fred Bell of the Traders' will fill Mr. O'Grady's place. IVAN.

GODERICH.

On Thursday, July 25, Robertson's four act comedy entitled School was presented to a large and fashionable audience in the Grand Opera House here by a party of local amateurs. The affair was the most successful of its kind ever given here, and too much praise cannot be given those who took part. Miss Maud Starr as Mrs. Sutcliffe, Miss Sophie Williams as Bella, and Miss Bessie Chilton as Naomi Tighe are worthy of special mention, while Mr. R. G. Reynolds as Dr. Sutcliffe and Mr. Malcomson as Beau Farintosh, also ably filled the characters named. Besides those named, the following ladies and gentlemen made up the cast: Messrs. C. W. Andrews, W. A. Murray, J. Kidd and T. Chilton, Miss A. Chilton, Miss Flo Horton, Miss Kilbourn of Owen Sound, Miss Smith, Miss Florence Doyle, Miss Pearl Winn, Miss Winnie Ball, Miss Mary Doyle. The proceeds went in aid of St. Peter's (R.C.) church.

SOUTHAMPTON.

This beautiful summer resort is alive with visitors from Toronto, Brantford, Guelph, Dundas, Glencoe, Walkerton, etc. A number are stopping at the Central Hotel. The contingent from Walkerton occupy six large tents pitched near Huron's shore where the tired brain and pale cheek may revive and the heart grow young wooed by the health-laden breezes of the lake. The following are some of the dwellers in tents all hailing from Walkerton: Judge and Mrs. Barrett and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Klein and daughter, Miss Wallace, Miss Louisa Klein, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stovel, the Misses Stovel, Mr. and Mrs. D. Robertson and family, Mr. and Mrs. McNamara and daughter, Mrs. McCollins, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw, Dr. Chas. McNamara, Mrs. C. S. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kilmer, Messrs. W. and A. Shaw, T. Atwood and J. Huyke.

At the Central Hotel are registered Miss Sutton of Walkerton, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Belcher and son of Toronto, the Misses Rose, Edith, Jessie and M. L. Gansbey of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. N. Robertson, Miss May Robertson, Miss Traill and Mr. Thomas O'Hagan of Walkerton; the Misses Brooke of Brantford.

Last Saturday evening an improvised concert was given in the parlor of the hotel, at which the guests of the house were present. The programme was made up of recitations with vocal and instrumental music. Mrs. N. Robertson and Mr. O'Hagan were the principal contributors to the entertainment.

Miss Kerr of Walkerton and Miss Simpson of Glencoe are visiting Mrs. A. Sinclair.

Very Rev. Dean O'Connel of Walkerton has been visiting Conductor Carey during the past week.

Mrs. Bowman of Waterloo is visiting with her son, Mr. C. M. Bowman.

The Misses Adair of Toronto are the guests of Rev. A. Tolmie.

Mr. McNeill and Mr. O'Hagan contributed to the programme of entertainment which was given a few days ago at Chippewa Hill.

Miss Doty of Ingersoll is visiting her brother, Mr. D. Doty.

The two young ladies who arrived last from Walkerton are the handsomest among our tourists.

Look out for the hop to be held next Thursday evening, in the Town Hall. SYLVIA.

Paris Fashions.

There are turns of the wheel of fashion for which one may be thankful; one in particular I note and that is the ingenious arrangement of steels at the back of the skirt which are crossed instead of put one above the other—a good hang is certain, and as skirts were arranged at the commencement of the season no stylish tournure could be effected. Skirts to hang well require a full petticoat gored as far as the knee, and then set in a full flounce of straight widths, and to be fashionable it is necessary that the dress hang straight, especially at the sides, but it does not require it to cling to the limbs.

How few ladies can bear regular clinging skirts? I note this because the cloth dresses so fashionable, unless held well in the back over wires fall limp and are abominably uncomfortable to the wearer. "Will floral garniture continue so popular?" I asked at Worth's and was informed it would be used upon winter and fall dresses, but catleya orchids in chenille, costly affairs, supercede roses and smaller flowers. Chrysanthemums and orchids will never be overdone or become common, and will be much esteemed, whether for bonnet, hat or robe ornamentation. Bunches of violets that were perched in front of hat trimmings are no more, and a bunch which cost twenty francs in the spring can be found on the cheap counters of any shop for a sixpence because unfashionable and too common. Everybody may wear what suits herself, but only slender, graceful figures appear well in foulards or draping silks, and certainly young misses here studied well the fact that mousseline de-laine, printed cambrics, sheer and fine, or any silk muslins are made absolutely for their use, and plaited mousseline-de-chiffon cloud, gauze, like a spider's webbing, just the thing for draperies. The new gray "peau de soie" has a dull gloss of leather, and big black and white checks with fancy silk vests will be worn for seaside costumes. As for hats, the crochet straw through which the hair is seen, flat to the head, are the most desirable and especially becoming to red gold hair. Figured barege bids fair to be popular, but the antique designs are becoming too few. One cannot help remarking the beauty of the parasols, such costly articles as they. I saw one which was but a framework of wire, upon which rested wreaths and garlands of roses. Many gauze ones correspond with the toilet in color, and many are plain outside but decorated inside with sprays of flowers and knots of ribbons and endless bows, through which are nestled flowers and artificial fruit. Rosettes have taken the place of bows upon the handles, and are made of narrow lace or satin baby ribbon. Good quality of plain silk parasols may be had for a few francs, but an ornamented fashionable parasol costs anywhere from forty dollars upward, and the handle one may cost a thousand francs if jeweled or finely carved of coral, ivory or amber. The surah silk blouses are pleasant for evening wear. Boating shirts made like a man's are worn under the jaunty fancy open coats. Waistcoats are worn with all sorts of gowns, and the silk ones are very handsome, buttoning down the front, and having two "chic" looking pockets. The ball dresses just touch the ground in the back, and are not long enough in front to show the dainty shoe. Black patches are sold to adorn the face as in past times. The Magasins du Louvre exhibits a most royal looking mantle of ruby red velvet with gorgeous gold embroidery, large hanging sleeves, a Medici collar and a deep border of rich brown fur. I saw a marriage contract dress of pink crepe with wreaths of May blossoms to be worn by a young fiancee in July, who will also wear a diamond necklace resembling dewdrops, the setting invisible. I was charmed with a spray of ivy in diamonds and a large jeweled butterfly of antique design among the numerous presents. The under linen was trimmed with rare Valenciennes lace, and two little deshabilles, or morning gowns, made of silk and lace, one pink, the other white, each trimmed with bows of lace and marabout feathers. The leading lady at the house of Felix showed me in a confidential manner a white tulle dress with green foliage and a fringe of cherries, pink and red, as if in the half ripe state, and the sleeves were of gauze resembling wings, reaching to the ground. It was in a room under lock and key and destined for some very exclusive fashionable. I caught a glimpse of a gray Figaro vest with bodice of the palest pink crepe embroidered with pure silver threads. To attempt to describe such a garment is like trying to describe an artist's picture. It was intended for a tea jacket and to be worn over a white cashmere skirt, and the loosely knotted gray surah silk sash completed the toilet. Silk embroidered lisse fans mounted on gilt sticks in the Pompadour style, with metallic butterflies scattered all over, or waved designs of lace and crepe lisse are quite the newest style. Golden barley and little rings of gold ornament the borders of hats and bonnets when made of Vandyked lace, and powdered wafers are lightly used upon white tulle for hat trimmings. Toques look novel with maiden hair ferns or wreaths of green grapes. All mixtures of flowers and fruit are harmoniously blended, and crepe is the component part of dresses and hats. I would advise all lovers of jersey jackets to notice the pretty one exhibited in a large glass case at the Exposition; they are such coquettish ones in all the uncommon shades. A terra cotta pink, with plastron in crepe and directoire revers (the inner part of the sleeve is opened to show a twisted fold of crepe) was pretty enough to be worn over a costly silk or satin costume, and it is hinted that a heavy ribbed quality of jersey goods will be used for fall walking jackets. Meanwhile Dame Fashion is seated upon the vane of Notre Dame, ready to turn her styles whichever way the winds may blow from the couturieres and modistes' shops to-morrow.—ADA THORPE-LOFTUS in *New York Mercury*.

The Way a Man Gets Well.

Convalescent Husband (first day after crisis)—Have I been very ill, dear?

Wife—Very, very ill.

Husband—I suppose it will be months before I shall be able to get to town again?

Wife—Not so long as that, I hope, dear. But you mustn't talk. Try and sleep.

Husband (second day after crisis)—You must be tired out watching over me, dear?

Wife—A little tired; but I am so thankful the danger is past.

Husband—You just wait until I get out again, and if I don't surprise you with something, my name is not John Smith. And the doctor, too. He is a wonderful man, to have brought me round as he has. I'll remember him. I suppose a couple of weeks from now will see me all right again?

Wife—Possibly, dear; but don't worry about such matters. Let your mind rest.

Husband (third day after crisis)—What does the doctor say about me now?

Wife—He says you're doing splendidly, darling.

Husband—Doing splendidly! Does he call it doing splendidly to lie here like a log and pick out faces from the paper on the wall?

Wife—There, there, dear, don't be unreasonable. Everything that is possible is being done for you.

Husband (fourth day after crisis)—Isn't it about time that idiot of a doctor was here?

Wife—He will be here presently.

Husband—Presently! You are worse than he is. I'm going to the office next week, and don't let there be any mistake about it.

And he did go, and then he went back, and stayed there for six weeks before he could again leave the house.

Swindled by a Dream.

Hostetter Maginnis dropped into Mose Snaumburg's store one day last week, and instead of his usual cordial greeting the latter accosted him with:

"Maginnis, old boy, I'se so mad as der tuyvil!"

"What has roused your ire?" interrogated Hostetter.

"Gott in himmel! I dhream las' nide I was selling a cote fur dwenty-fife tollers vot yust cost fife, und it yust meck me mat, cos it vas all a dhream. I gif you my word, I yust lose dwenty tollers by dat dhream."

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Haverhill, Mass.	San Jose, Cal.	Denver, Col.
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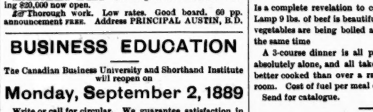

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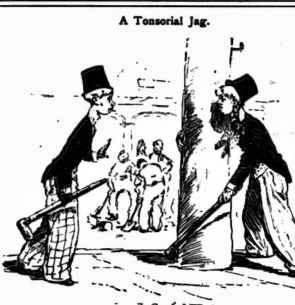

A Tonsorial Jag.

Mr. Lexington Madison—Where did you get your load?
Mr. Windsor Tye—That beastly bawber put bay rum on my face this mawning.—*Puck.*

Playing a Tramp Mean.

"There are some districts out West where the folks imagine they own the earth," said the tramp as he stretched himself out on the bench and covered his face with his old hat. "I struck such a district a few weeks ago, down in Indiana. I got into a county where signs were as plenty as thistles, and every one of them read:

Tramps Beware! Six Months in Jail for Tramping!

"Those signs are often put up for a bluff, and I determined to hoof it right along. I hadn't gone five miles after seeing the first sign when I was overhauled by a constable and several farmers and rushed to jail in the nearest village. They left me there over night to be examined next day. There were two other prisoners—one for stealing and the other for assault and battery. They were down on the law, of course, and we had time to fix up a little plan. By trading clothes around I got to look quite respectable, and as both men had money they chipped in and made me up six dollars. Next morning, when taken before the magistrate, I claimed to be on my way home to Indianapolis, and as I had money to pay my way he discharged me.

"Then I went for the parties who had arrested me. The constable was scared into fits, and he gave me a silver watch and $15 to settle. I got $20 each out of three of the farmers, and $15 apiece from the two others, making more money than I had ever had at any one time before in my life. I ought to have had sense though to leave with my boodle, but I hadn't. I got drunk, was locked up again, and I'll be hanged if the two prisoners who had helped me out of the first scrape didn't steal and divide my money, change all the old duds back, and chuckle with satisfaction when I got thirty days for my offence! Can't depend on Western human nature, nohow. I've had a farmer invite me in to eat ice cream and blackberry pie, and then set three dogs on me as I thanked him and backed out. I prefer the East. An Eastern man is always up and down with you, and a farmer's wife will either give you the grand bounce on sight or do up your sore fingers, and set out a whole currant pie."

How He Bought a Ticket to the Ball.

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball and good-naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two man-servants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both of his servants a pleasure. Not knowing just how to proceed he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had. "Why don't you go down to the engine house?" said the officer; "the men all know you." So the old gentleman went to the engine house, but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two, he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead—so, at least, it seemed to the old gentleman in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion. Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innocent old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth it was only to say in the mildest accents: "I would like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.—*Providence Journal.*

Weighty Matters.

In dim light all evening
The poor rocking-chair
A full double burden;
Had managed to bear.

And it patiently bore it
With faithfulness meek,
Nor betrayed how it suffered
By murmur or squeak.

But there came from its depths,
In a voice soft and low:
"Do you think, Harry dear,
That we heavier grow?"

"I am sure," he said, "Laura,
No lighter you're grown!"
"And I think," she said shyly,
"You're 'holding your own.'"

A New Kind of Album.

What won't the young folks get into their heads next! We heard of a young woman the other day who is the owner of a pig album. If you are acquainted with her, you will speedily find out what a pig album really is. She inflicts it upon all her friends, and has rare enjoyment out of their painful efforts to please her. The pig album is a small album filled with unruled pages. On one of them the owner of the album requests you to draw a pig, the only condition being that you close your eyes while doing so. You cannot in your wildest nightmares picture such a pig as you will draw with your eyes closed. Of course you will begin at the head, draw the ears and the nose and the back with a few skilful strokes, then you will deftly add the curly tail and give his pigship a serviceable eye. After this you can open your own eyes. When you look at your masterly work you will want to hide your diminished head under the nearest article of furniture. Then the girl, with a sad, sweet smile, will quietly put your name on the same page with the nondescript you have drawn—and quartered, too—and keep it to show her next victims. When she gets the book full it is to be presumed that she will label it, "Unfinished Fragments of Bacon.—*Wilson, N.Y., Star.*

"Diamond Cut Diamond."

Sister Anne—The Miss Simpertons are coming.

Sister Mary—They cut mamma when they were driving with the Duchess of Tooting.

"They are bowing to us."

"It is our turn now. Let us look right through them as if we could see their back hair."

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FRENCH—On July 27, at Deseronto, Mrs. E. C. French—a son.
GREEN—On July 26, at Halifax, N.S., Mrs. Fred W. Green—a son.
KELK—On July 29, at Hamilton, Mrs. Fred Kelk—a son.
SCHREIBER—On July 30, at Springfield-on-Credit, Mrs. H. H. Schreiber—a son.
THOMPSON—On July 26, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson—a son.
BANKIER—On July 26, Mrs. P. M. Bankier—a daughter.
COGGS—On July 25, at Merton, Ont., Mrs. T. C. Coggs, of Poplar Point, Man.—a daughter.
DEFRIES—On July 23, at Toronto, Mrs. T. W. Defries—a son.
DELAPORTE—On July 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex Delaporte—a son.
TIGHE—On July 24, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. D. Tighe—a daughter.
BETHUNE—On July 25, at Fort Dover, Mrs. W. F. Bethune, of Maple Grove, Maple Creek, N.W.T.—a daughter.
KING—On July 24, at Barrie, Mrs. E. W. King—a son.
LEE—On July 31, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Burdell Lee—a son.
OGILVIE—On July 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Ogilvie—a daughter.

Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby.

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OUR SUMMER SALE

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TUESDAY, JULY 2

Reductions 20 to 40 p. c---Ten Cents off Each Whole Dollar Bill

OVERBUYING LAST WINTER CAUSES A SURPLUS—A surplus of fresh, new, desirable goods. Plums—Real good things, and we have made up our minds to sacrifice them. We have $50,000 worth of goods received in excess of orders They shall be sold regardless of cost.

MILLINERY, MANTLES, DRESS GOODS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHING, ETC. All will be sacrificed. Special lines all over the store will be reduced from 20 to 40 per cent, besides which 10c. will be allowed on each dollar purchased for cash.

SEASIDE FLANNELS, FINE DRESS GOODS—The whole of this beautiful stock at sale prices. No reserve. An elegant assortment of Seaside Flannels at 15c. a yard and 10c. off the dollar besides. Ceylon Flannels in many patterns. Bargains in every corner. Chances in every line.

During July and August store closes at 6 p.m., Saturdays included.

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King Street East

HURST—At 298 Carlton street, Toronto, on July 25, Mrs. Aubrey O. Hurst—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACRAE—DUFFY—On July 29, at Toronto, Evelyn Macrae to Frances Elizabeth Duffy.
COOMBES—WHITE—On July 24, at Toronto, James Coombes to Margaret White.
McLELAN—PATTERSON—On July 24, at Fergus, Thomas Edwin McLelan to Madaline Pattison of Fergus.
TIPPINS—WATERS—On July 25, at Toronto, W. H. Tippins to Annah Waters.
McCREADY—BRADFORD—On July 24, at Toronto, Robert A. McCready to Mary Ann Louise Bradford.
LESLIE—ANDERSON—At Toronto, Thomas W. Leslie to Mary Edna Anderson of Winnipeg.
O'CONNOR—SIMMONS—On July 29, at Barrie, James O'Connor of Toronto to Margaret Jane Simmons of Midhurst.
BEVERIDGE—BRIGGS—On July 16, at Benarty, Fifeshire, Scotland, John Beveridge of Kinneston to Marion Nelson Briggs of Benarty.
CROSSLAND—SLEAN—At Toronto, On July 29, 1889, by the Rev. H. Grasett Baldwin, W. H. Crossland, second son of the late James Crossland of Dundas, Ont., to Elizabeth Slean, daughter of the late John Slean of H. M. C.
WILSON—EDMONDSON—On July 29, at Hamilton, John Wilson of Toronto to Lizzie Edmondson.

Deaths.

BEVAN—On July 26 and 27, at Toronto, Helen Louise and Maria Adelaide, aged respectively 2 months 24 days, and 2 months 25 days, twin children of the late Mrs. W. H. Bevan.
CUNDEL—At Toronto, Freddie Bloor Cundel, aged 1 year.
DAVIS—On July 26, at Davisville, Mrs. John Davis, aged 79 years.
SPARROWHAWK—On July 28, at Toronto, Richard Frank Sparrowhawk, aged 10 months.
WRAY—On July 28, at Toronto, George Wray, late of H. M. Customs.
CLARKE—On July 29, at Toronto, Joseph L. Clarke, aged 15 years.
DODD—On July 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Isabella Dodd, aged 76 years.
HUSTON—On July 26, at Toronto, William Arthur, infant son of W. H. Huston.
MULVEY—On July 28 at Toronto, William A. Mulvey, infant son of William and Kate Elizabeth Mulvey.
SNARR—On July 30, at Toronto, Herbert George Snarr.
WORLD—On July 27, drowned in Toronto Bay, Thomas Taylor World, aged 59; also Madeline World, aged 14 years.
WALTON—On July 30, at Toronto, Mrs Matthew Walton.
FERGUSON—On July 27, at Toronto, Bella Ferguson.
THOMPSON—On July 24, at Chicago, Edna, aged 4 years; also on July 27, at Toronto, Willie, aged 2 years, children of Mrs. Carrie Thompson.
HARCOURT—On July 26, at Chicago, George Harcourt of Toronto, aged 69 years.
BEDEL—On July 31, Ross Alexander Bedel, infant son of Mr. John Bedel, aged 2 months.
MUSSEN—On July 31, at Allanburg, Ont., Philip Skelton Mussen, age 1 86 years.
RALPH—On July 31 at Toronto, Sadie M. Ralph, aged 16 years.
GORRIE—On July 28, at Toronto, George Alexander Gorrie, aged one year.
FORBES—On July 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Annie Forbes, aged 78 years.
BEST—On July 29, at Orono, John Best, aged 73 years.
MARR—On July 24, at Simcoe, Walker H. Marr, M. D.
MOODIE—On July 29, at Toronto, John Moodie.
MOSS—On July 29, at Toronto, Robert, infant son of Sigismund S. and Charlotte Harriett Moss.
BASTEDO—On July 24, at Princeton, David Bastedo, aged 66 years.
HENRY—On July 31, near Thornton, Maggie L. Henry.
WALLACE—On July 31, at Toronto, Grace Linton Wallace, aged 15 months.
BELL—On July 31, at Toronto, Rowland, infant son of Edward Bell.
FREEMAN—On July 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Edw. Freeman.

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

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Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

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